TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

While I admire much of the editorial writing in the Toronto *Mail* and the particularly good English and strength of purpose frequently manifested, I have seen no more conspicuous example of the work of a man afraid to express his opinion than was shown in a recent editorial entitled, "Divorce in Canada." Sir William Ritchie and Chief Justice Armour having declared themselves in favor of the establishment of a divorce court for Canada, the Anglican Synod at Montreal immediately and strenuously opposed the innovation, whereupon the *Mail* remarked, "That the Synod was right in pronouncing against the adoption of means whereby divorces would be facilitated, few will doubt. We have too close at hand evidences of the terrible influences upon the home and upon society, etc." Later on in the article it confesses that divorces are an exceedingly expensive thing to obtain by act of Parliament, that "those who pass upon the evidence in nine instances out of ten do not know the particulars of the cases upon which they give an opinion," and it also quotes without contradiction the statement which has frequently been made that members of Parliament and of the Senate have been known to canvass, and lobbyists have not infrequently been call in to assist in order to get the requisite number of votes to obtain a decree. It closes, however, with this statement: "Public opinion is alarmed by divorce statistics across the line and the feeling is that the dissolution of the tie should be made as difficult instead of as easy as possible."

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If the Anglican Synod knows more about the laws required for Canada than such men as Sir William Ritchie and Chief Justice Armour, they should be empowered as legislators or given a place superior to the Supreme Court which, paradoxical as it may appear, is quite possible, as our Supreme Court is not supreme. Because the divorce courts of the United States grant decrees for insufficient reasons, is no more an argument against the establishment of a divorce court in Canada, than the fact that murderers frequently escape the consequence of their crimes in the neighboring Republic is a reason why we should abolish capital punishment on one hand or hang everyone who is accused of murder on the other. The violation of the seventh commandment has always been, in every Christian system and in the most rigid countries, considered a proper ground for divorce, and it is so held in Canada. I do not propose to argue the question as to whether this is the only ground which should be recognized by the Parliaments and the courts, but simply to point out the fact that if it is proper to grant a divorce for this reason the matter of right is settled and the question of who dissolves the marriage tie is immaterial so long as it be done decently and with regard to the evidence brought before the judges. If the Parliament of Canada is more apt to give a full measure of consideration and justice to the trial of a divorce suit than would be given to it by a regularly constituted court, then all crimes—punishment for which is either a long term of imprisonment or death—should be tried before that or a similar tribunal, otherwise criminals who have to answer for their life or liberty in our regular courts, are receiving less than justice, inasmuch as they are not given the fairest possible opportunity or the most judicial hearing. On the other hand, if the courts, which decide upon a man's life and liberty, are more competent to hear and weigh the evidence than is the Parliament of Canada, litigants in divorce suits are subjected to an injustice when their appeal is made before the senators and commoners of the Dominion. I think this statement of the case is unanswerable.

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The cost of obtaining a divorce from Parliament is always in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars, sometimes more than twice that much. The case, if tried by the courts, would probably cost much less than half that amount. It is urged by those who are opposed to a divorce court that the dissolution of the marriage tie should be made as expensive as possible, and not as cheap as possible. Their idea presumably is that if divorces could be obtained for a small sum there would be more of them, but they seem to forget the rank injustice of making a man pay a thousand dollars for what it is right for him to have, and what should only cost him two or three hundred dollars. It having been admitted that there is a sufficient and recognized cause for divorce it then becomes the duty of Parliament to make the obtaining of a decree as cheap as possible. What sense or justice is there in forcing a man or woman because of his or her poverty to wear the marital yoke with an unfaithful companion. Are only those who have a thousand dollars to obtain justice? are those who lack that amount to be forced to live with and share the shame of a dishonored husband or wife, or do the Anglican Synod and those who oppose the divorce court believe it better for the aggrieved person to take flight from the country in order to escape an unhallowed union? Do they contend that it is better that a man or woman unable financially to obtain relief should spend the rest of his or her days in expatriation, loneliness or marital misery in order that the divorce statistics of Canada may show how moral a people we are? I would like to ask all those who are so afraid that a divorce court would become corrupt and careless upon what they base their belief. Are they of the opinion that the judges would be corrupt or that the jury would be over-lenient? I imagine that the history of Canada will prove that our Parliament has always been more corrupt than our courts. If a jury of twelve can be too easily convinced or their feelings too readily wrought upon, how about a jury of three hundred?

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Taking the moral aspect of the matter, is the man or woman who is forced to retain the marital relation to one who has forfeited every claim to his or her honor, respect or love, as apt to remain virtuous under such conditions as if the marriage had been annuled? Most decidedly not. One often hears of the wife of a dissolute man going wrong, and the neighbors say: "Well, it is just what might have been expected." And again one is reminded of this phase of the question when a man with an unfaithful wife is known to be living as he should not, by the frequently repeated saying: "Well, it isn't altogether his fault, poor fellow. Look at the life his wife has led him." Is it not better to annul a marriage than to have it result in the degradation of the one who has been sinned against and the consequent abasement of public opinion which finds in the forced relation an excuse for wrong-doing?

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I want to ask you before I dip into my next topic not to take fright and skip it as everyone is inclined to when he sees the word "Jesuit" loom up in the daily papers. I am thoroughly aware that everyone has had a surfeit of preachments on this question, and I am not inclined to run the risk of being voted a bore by going into a long review of the Hon. Mr. Laurier's speech, but I have a couple of points which I would like even those who are not interested in politics to notice. Mr. Laurier is a man whose personal appearance, nobility of countenance and eloquence of speech win for him the personal regard of multitudes who are opposed to him both in politics and religion. He has a courtly bearing, and a dreamy face which lights up with something that one is impelled to call beauty, though that is an expression ordinarily most inapplicable to the masculine sex. We all believe him to be honest and patriotic, but his warmth of feeling and vividness of imagination make him somewhat unreliable as a logician and historian, though they endow him as an orator. In the field of romance he would dwell with the creatures of his fancy and believe them real. A novel from his pen would be invested with all the charm of a chapter from real life or a page from the books of chivalry. But in esteeming these delightful features of his character and faithfully lauding them as the bountiful equipment of one who is to write poetry or fairy tales it is necessary to call attention to the fact that they are not the most desirable talents for a statistician or a political economist. That oratory has still power to charm the people and persuade even the ear of the unwilling to accept perversions of fact because such perversions are a part of the belief of the speaker, was proven by the attentive hearing accorded to Mr. Laurier. That the charm of his periods went even further is demonstrated by the fact that the newspapers seemingly have failed to grasp the points upon which criticism should be based. In the multitude of eloquent words the real intent of the speaker seems to have been successfully disguised. There was so much said, so little meant, so much evasion, so little assertion, that the editorial critics of the daily press seem to have become lost in the labyrinth of his rhetoric and the haze of his patriotism. His speech abounded in suggestions which should be followed up, sophistries which should be exposed and insinuations which were so guarded as to be generally overlooked. Let me give you an example. In the beginning of his speech, which we must presume was intended to convince those who had seceded from the Grit cause on account of the Jesuit Bill, and to strengthen those who, through evil and good report, were still loyal to the party, he said:

"In fact, the dangers and the obstacles which the Liberal party has to contend with at this moment are not from its avowed opponents but from a new school of Liberals who would import into the country Liberal principles from Germany, from France and from continental Europe, altogether unsuited to the position you occupy on this continent."

I interpret this to mean that the opponents of the Jesuits' Estates Bill are charged with being of the socialistic, anarchistic and "red" Republican order, which has persecuted religion and fought against all alliances between the ecclesiastic and monarchial powers. The *Globe* takes the same view of it in its Wednesday's issue and exuberantly points out Mr. Laurier's proposition that no one could oppose the endowment of the Jesuits without "forsaking tolerant Christian English liberalism and taking up with the exasperated 'red' *libéralisme* and the atheistic Republicans of France." This was doubtless Mr. Laurier's meaning, and it might be profitable to enquire who compose "this new school of Liberals." The Liberal element which is engaged in the Equal Rights movement is headed by the Rev. Dr. Caven. Its sub-leaders are preachers; its followers are staunch Protestants and church-goers. How does the Hon. Mr. Laurier discover any connection between these gentlemen and the red Republicans of France, the "priest-killers," the assassins of monarchs, the evangelists of dynamite and destruction? It is a most unwarrantable assertion, and yet it is but a sample of the sophistry with which he beguiled those whose ears were tickled by his mellifluous voice, and whose eyes were centered on his graceful gestures.

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He told us that the great mischief tending to the disintegration of Confederation and the Liberal party of the province was "Distrust." As far as Ontario and Quebec are concerned, he was right. Ontario does distrust Quebec, and Quebec distrusts Ontario. In the same issue of the *Globe* which reported his splendid oration, under the heading of "News from Montreal," is described an incident in the village of Joliette, Que., which occurred on Monday last. A Protestant had died, and his son had endeavored to hire the village hearse to convey the remains to the railway station. The undertaker refused to carry the body of a Protestant in his hearse, because if he did so he would "have his hearse cursed by the priest and his business boycotted." The rural funeral director admitted that it was "pretty hard, but you are a Protestant," he said, "and the priest of this parish will not permit anything else for Protestants." Have we not a right to distrust a province ruled by priests who will carry their hatred of Protestants so far that they will force the corpse of a "heretic" to be carried to the railway station on a dray? Where is there a counterpart of such conduct in Ontario? This illustration could be multiplied by a thousand stories of priestly intolerance in the neighboring province, and then but the prelude of its first chapter would be written.

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Further, Mr. Laurier announced that "there is no Christian organization in which Christ's great precept of 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's and to God the things which are God's,' is so rigidly enforced as in the Roman Catholic Church." This statement is true if we admit the interpretation the French-Canadian priests put upon the things which are Cæsar's and the things that are God's. They claim to represent God, and on His behalf they claim everything there is, and the consequence is that they demand that everything should be rendered to them. Mr. Laurier's statement sounds nice, but when it is analyzed it becomes apparent that Protestants have a right to do some of the defining and this is exactly what we are trying to do just now. Again he says with regard to the Jesuits' Estates Bill, "This was a question that had to be settled." Just why it had to be settled, or why it was settled as it was settled are very much beclouded by the eloquent gentleman's oft repeated phrase, "my fellow-countrymen," by his quotations from all sorts and conditions of newspapers, Protestants, priests and politicians. But the gentleman who accompanied him, Mr. S. A. Fisher of Brome, answered it very briefly and ingenuously thus:

"The Jesuits' estates were computed to amount to from one to three million dollars; the revenue from the estates was only $20 000 a year, a very small sum. So long as the question remained unsettled the property could not be utilized. If the Catholic Church made a claim upon the property in the Catholic Province of Quebec how could it be expected that a sale of it could be made? The people were not willing to step in and buy when it would interfere with the claim of the Church."

What does this mean? It means that in the "Catholic Province of Quebec" when the Church claims anything it is presumed that that claim will be satisfied. It means that if the Church claims a thing in "the Catholic Province of Quebec," no matter whether what is claimed belongs to the Church or not, it invalidates the title, that the buyer would be boycotted if a Protestant and excommunicated if a Catholic. It means that if the Catholic Church were to claim any portion of the Province of Quebec, no matter how large a portion, the people have been convinced by past experience that that claim will finally be recognized and the property turned over to the Church. It means that the claim of the Catholic Church is better than a Crown title or a court deed. Finally it means that the Catholic Church is supreme in the Province of Quebec, and that those who fight against it may reasonably fear to lose their lands, their title to heaven and the respect of their neighbors. Hon. Mr. Laurier is right when he says that our "distrust" is what separates us from a province so managed, and we have reason to thank Mr. Fisher's unintentional candor for the explanation which Mr. Laurier was successful in evading. If the operations of the Church were confined to Quebec it would cause us no alarm, but when we see a tendency to make similar claims cropping up in our own province it is not unnatural that we should fear that powerful force on the other side of the Ottawa river. If we do not distrust the movement we ourselves will be brought into a subjugation so contemptible, so opposed to the spirit of "English liberalism" that it would be insupportable to those who have not only "admired" such liberalism but have enjoyed its beneficent results. These are the only points which space permits me to elaborate. A study of Mr. Laurier's speech reveals its emptiness of anything to which we can pin our faith, and his admissions that he does not favor a revision of our constitution, and that he is opposed to Imperial Federation do not re-assure us. His arguments with regard to Unrestricted Reciprocity are not more trustworthy than are those he urged in favor of French-Canadianism and the decency of an alliance between "English liberalism" and Ultramontanism. He asks us to forget our distrust of Quebec, though he admits the tyranny of his province when we had a union of Upper and Lower Canada, and in the next breath urges us to trust the United States while we have fresh in our minds evidence of their hostility. Only a consummate orator could have succeeded in persuading an audience to listen patiently to such proposition. Nor does it follow that the audience listened with entire unanimity to these peculiar perversions of fact. There were those who hissed when the name of the *Globe* was mentioned, and cheered when the names of Equal Righters were brought forward. This the *Globe* alleges came from a "detachment of the enemy" who congregated in the centre of the hall. Possibly the *Globe* was right; perhaps its wounded self-respect suggests the explanation which it puts forward. And its editorials and recent utterances also suggest the conundrum as to whether it has not again changed its front and moved into winter quarters on the old camping ground.

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I don't sympathize fully with the Equal Rights party, because, while having faith in religion and respecting its instructors, I am thoroughly anti-clerical in my belief, and as I have said a dozen times before I would be as much opposed to a Methodist Estates Bill, or a Presbyterian Estates Bill, or sectarian education in the public schools managed by Baptists, by Congregationalists, or Anglicans, as I would be when it is managed by Roman Catholics, and I am firmly convinced that any denomination in Ontario so entrenched in power as the Roman Catholics are in Quebec, would be equally intolerant and quite as greedy. But it must be confessed that these Equal Righters have succeeded in arousing in this country an opposition to clerical aggression which may be valuable in the future against themselves, as it now is against the Roman Catholic Church.

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Without doubt the cultured Canadian reader welcomes *Bystander* back to his old pulpit. Since last this pamphlet appeared, Professor Goldwin Smith has been writing for many of the city papers with which, it appears, he has not been entirely in sympathy. In fact, Goldwin Smith is not entirely in sympathy with anything or anybody. I don't mean this as a reflection upon him, but merely as a statement of fact. He has, more than any Canadian who assumes to act as a critic, a vast knowledge of the world, of history, and possesses an intimate acquaintance with public men, which has been denied to those whose experience has been almost purely colonial. We respect this and read with interest and expectancy what he has to say. The interest never flags because of his wonderful power of expression. The contour of his sentences is not open to criticism, but the expectancy dies out when we read through forty pages of the most polished English and fail to find an original idea. Interest may be said to be composed partially of expectancy, but the interest of which I speak is created by an admiration of historical knowledge, wide-reading and fluent expression. The expectancy which dies out as we read is the hope for a new view of life, a solution of present difficulties, the pointing out of a path which is preferable to the one in which we are wandering—according to Prof. Goldwin Smith—towards disorder, if not chaos. Even the newspapers, according to *Bystander*, are surrounded by circumstances such as prohibit a proper discussion of public questions. "In these circumstances there is little chance of a hearing for any cause which does not bring circulation and advertisements, still less for any cause which repels them." It seems to me that any public question, unless the editors be dullards or knaves, which has to do with the public good and national advancement, would find space in any newspaper which depends upon public appreciation. Of course, if the editors cannot recognise what is best for the people and for themselves they are liable to reject articles advocating good things. Or if they be corrupt their rejection of truth is not extraordinary. I imagine that what the learned *Bystander* means is that the conduct of the newspapers at present is a mixture of commercial cunning and egotistic ignorance. Rather an unpleasant combination, which must have proven very disheartening to a man who has both learning and leisure to devote to the public good, but who had been unable to find a vehicle of expression. He tells us "till this conflict is over and the great organs of opinion are set free, the community may have some use for even a very small journal which has nothing, either in the way of commercial exigency or party connection, to restrain it from holding its own course or bringing any question before the public." This is a noble and noticeable declaration, but it suggests to those of us who write for papers which are alleged to be restrained by vulgar commercial exigencies or common party connection, to consider whether we are so greatly shackled by these things that we dare not tell the truth and the whole truth. To bring the matter home to the reader, such an insinuation leads me to ask myself whether, during the two years in which I have, once a week, said my little say on this page, I have been deterred by sordid considerations from expressing my very own opinion of people and things, and I find no reason to doubt my independence. It is an unpleasant accusation that a petty stipend should enchain my pen, and if I resent it, it is

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but natural. My position is probably that of many others, and without their consent I shall speak for them all. Party considerations may induce partisans to take a one-sided view of a question, but then rabid partisans are incapable of a larger vision, and it is the fault of their constitution rather than the pressure of circumstances which is to blame for their one-sidedness. "Commercial exigencies" may control a newspaper, but they cannot control men who have any fixed opinions. I don't believe they could control Professor Goldwin Smith, and if we are willing to allow this, why should he not permit us to enjoy the delusion, if it be a delusion, that we are independent and fearlessly express our views. My own belief is that it is the absence of views which causes the eccentricities of newspapers. But few men are blessed with a strong opinion on any question and unfortunately the larger number of the few are not those who by ability or accident are placed in charge of a newspaper. Men write professionally as doctors dispense physic and lawyers accept briefs. Very few writers have both ability and wealth, many unfortunately have neither, and it does irritate us some to have a gentleman who possesses both intimate to the public that we have neither, or that if we have we lack honesty. And then again the idea crops up that Professor Goldwin Smith may possibly desire to write upon questions which have no popular interest and on which no popular interest can be aroused, that his views are antagonistic to those of the general reader and that he may be misled by the kindly reception accorded to the attractiveness of his style and mistake it for a popular furore in favor of his opinions. We have to consider all these things, and the editor, who is always an abused man, disliked by those whose contributions he rejects and irritated by the criticism of those who object to the companionship of men whose articles are accepted, must find some way out of his difficulties, either by losing the excellent contributions of one person who is pre-eminent or by scores who are not pre-eminent but who voice the opinions and desires of the multitude, and he is thus not unnaturally apt to side with the majority. I admit that many of the conditions which Professor Goldwin Smith describes exist, but I am not convinced that writers are as slavish as he would imply. I admit his ability, but I am not prepared to admit that his standard should be mine, and I believe I speak for others as well as myself when I assert that while his opportunities and knowledge may be greater than ours he has no right to assert superior honesty or a greater knowledge of what the people of Canada want. He speaks less frequently than others, is not called upon to decide so hastily and has greater opportunities for thought both in matters of fact and opinion, but this does not assist him to obtain that closeness of relation and thorough sympathy with the people which is the portion of many less fortunate journalists. I am not endeavoring to belittle his work, for it has been of vast service to Canada and Canadian journalism, but am endeavoring in as fraternal a way as one may assume with so eminent a personage, to suggest that a little more charity be displayed to those whose situation is not quite so fortunate, but whose intentions are perhaps quite as honorable. In this connection I might remind the Professor that there are influences other than advertisements and circulation which lead men and control their views. The desire to achieve fame, the hope that they may be placed amongst the critics of the age, the ambition to be known as the especial moulders of public opinion, the anxiety to achieve greater prominence than other publicists, the social impulses, personal friendships, dislikes and antagonisms, the prejudices of birth and education, the misfortunes and enmities which come to great and small alike—these all have their influence on the writings of men, and perhaps those of us who have been forced to earn our bread and butter, while open to the charge of desiring to make both ends meet, are free from many entanglements, attachments and animosities which sometimes have a wonderful effect on the views and writings of the journalistic *dilettanti*. And in conclusion I might suggest that misanthropy is after all as dangerous to a writer and the community as hunger is.

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Toronto shows its goodness of heart by giving the defeated O'Connor a reception and banquet at the Albion Hotel next Tuesday night. Nothing will make Toronto boys stick to Toronto like a little encouragement when it is most needed. I hope the citizens will make the banquet a great success. DON.

Social and Personal.

Convocation Hall was crowded Tuesday afternoon with fond mothers, proud fathers, pleased sisters, etc. The scholarships, medals and prizes were duly awarded and the "boys" evinced an unflagging interest in all the proceedings, volunteering little suggestions as to deportment and position, in more cases than one. "Freshy" was commanded to "sit down," "take off his hat" and "move along," while the "grads," during the painful process of being gazed upon and receiving prizes, were asked for a song, cheered and otherwise discomfited.

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The audience gathered while the Glee Club kindly sang Litoris and snatches of other college songs, among which was the heartrending story of poor little Moses who was sent off to school, and the glad announcement that the Festal Day had come.

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The professors and other distinguished gentlemen present walked up the aisle, while the boys in the gallery sang *Vive la Compagnie*. Dr. Daniel Clark was enthusiastically greeted, and his appearance occasioned a burst of song from the ubiquitous boys, consisting mainly of the sentence, "Saw my leg off." Sir Daniel Wilson was cheered upon his rising to give the president's address, and his several allusions to the University and the University's work were loudly applauded. Altogether it was a pleasant afternoon this gathering of the students, and who among their friends could fail to wish them pleasant, profitable hours, and success at the next exams.

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The northern portion of the city seems to be carrying off the earlier honors of the season, for Lady Macpherson is the second hostess who bids society to a dance. Lady Macpherson's invitations are out for Thursday, October 17. I hear that this dance at Chestnut Park is to be a small one, but it will be none the less pleasant for that. The hospitable reputation of Sir David and Lady Macpherson has been long established, so that there can be no doubts as to the management of the affair, while all who have ever danced at Chestnut Park, and many others, know how admirably the house is suited to this purpose.

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The Misses Berkeley of Rosedale, who have been finishing their education in Europe at Brussels and Cheltenham, returned to town last week after an absence of more than two years. These ladies are to come out this winter and will be distinguished amongst the many promising *debutantes* of the season.

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I hear that the marriage of Miss Mabel Heward to Mr. Bruce Williams, R. E., of London, Eng., is fixed for October 23. The ceremony will be performed at the Cathedral, and the popularity of both bride and bridegroom will make the event of special interest to society.

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Mr. Robert Hinton, whose face was well-known here three winters ago, has returned to town, and hopes that the climate will allow him to stay for some months. Mr. Hinton left Canada under doctor's orders, and he tried both the Riviera and Madeira. This gentleman's numerous friends will be glad to hear that his health is partially, if not entirely, restored.

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Mrs. Dobel and Miss Dobel of Quebec are staying with Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park. It is said that the coming dance there is in honor of the latter.

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Glenedyth, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's handsome residence, was a scene of social gaiety on Tuesday evening, when Mrs. Nordheimer gave a dance for her two nephews, Messrs. Taylor and Holgarten. Mrs. Nordheimer wore violet velvet, and the two white-gowned debutantes, Misses Drayton and Mason, were pronounced very charming. Among those present were the following visitors to Toronto: General Sandhan and Miss Turner, Miss Dobell and Miss Carpmael. The music was hidden away in the conservatory, and as the merry dancers whirled over the polished floor, the soft candle light shed its rays on a scene of beauty and mirth. The large drawing-room, the elegantly fitted hall, the supper, billiard and smoking rooms, each perfect in its appointments, were devoted to the guests. Truly, no house could be more suitable for entertainment than Glenedyth, no hostess more charming than Mrs. Nordheimer.

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General Sandhan of Quebec and his niece, Miss Turner, are the guests of Col. Gzowski.

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Miss Carpmael is the guest of Mrs. John Hoskin.

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Messrs. Taylor and Holgarten have been the guests of Mrs. Albert Nordheimer. Mr. Taylor left Wednesday to join his regiment—the West Surrey.

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Mr. Albert W. Stewart of Dallas, Texas, returned home last week.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thomas of Chatham are spending a few days in town.

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Miss Annette Saunders, who has been staying with her aunt, Mrs. Shanly of Wilcox street, has returned home to Guelph.

The marriage of Mr. Edward S. Carter, editor and proprietor of *Progress*, St. John, to Miss Elsie Fenety, daughter of Mr. Geo. E. Fenety, Queen's printer, took place in the Cathedral at Fredericton, N. B., on September 30. The bride's toilette was a traveling costume of blue cloth, her hat matching it in color. The bridesmaid, Miss Mabel Hunter, was attired in a seal brown dress, hat of same shade. Mr. Carter and his bride, who is a sister to the wife of Mr. Chas. G. D. Roberts, formerly of Toronto, are at the Rossin House during their stay in the city.

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A complimentary banquet was tendered the members of the International Funeral Directors' Association by the Undertaker's Association of Ontario and the Dominion Burial Case Association, at McConkey's, Thursday evening. The banqueting hall is splendid in its decorations, perfect in its arrangements for comfort and enjoyment; and with an excellent *menu* nothing was wanting in the evening's entertainment. About seventy of the delegates were present, besides the ladies who accompanied them. The toasts were The Queen, The President of the United States, International Funeral Directors' Association, Our Invited Guests, The Manufacturers, Our Sister Association, The Ladies, Ontario Undertakers' Association and The Press.

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A goodly company gathered in St. Luke's Church on Thursday morning to witness the marriage of Alton H. Garratt, M.D., to Mima M Fletcher, daughter of Mr. John Fletcher, builder and contractor of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Langtry, the bride being given away by her father. She was attended by Miss Florence Burnside, Dr. Cowan being best man. The bride's dress was a traveling toilette of fawn Henrietta handsomely trimmed with seal-brown velvet and tinsel gimp. Her bonnet was seal velvet its garniture being brown birds. The bridesmaid was dressed in salmon silk. Mrs. Fletcher wore a handsome black silk trimmed with velvet. Mrs. Burnside, black silk; Mrs. Garratt, black satin trimmed with white satin; Mrs. Langtry, wine-colored satin and black lace; Mrs. Briton, fawn silk; Mrs. Warren, black silk; Mrs. Will Goulding, wine silk, cord trimming; Miss Robi, black silk; Mrs. Will Fletcher, pale blue silk; Mrs. E. A. Fletcher, fawn Henrietta and brown velvet trimming; Mrs. Anderson, black silk; Mrs. Ross, black silk; Miss Greig, black silk; Miss Warren, salmon silk, brown velvet trimming; Mrs. Stark, black silk; Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, black silk with cream trimming.

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The guests were Col. and Mrs. R. H. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Bowerman, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lingham, Mrs. and Miss Brock, Mr. and Mrs. German, Dr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Macintosh, Miss Fenwick, Mr. and Mrs. Mercer Adam, Capt. and Mrs. Jessop, Mr. and Mrs. Riggs, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Anderson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Spooner, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Fletcher, Miss Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Goulding, Miss Robi, Mr. Harry Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Persse, Mr. and Mrs. Wagner, Dr. and Mrs. Langtry, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Rev. J. and Mrs. Ballard, Miss Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Clougher, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Fletcher, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Burnside, Dr. and Mrs. Briton, Dr. and Mrs. Stark, Mr. and Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Miss Warren, Mr. Chester Warren, Dr. F. Cowan, Dr. B. Burns, Mr. F. Wilson, Mr. W. Donaldson, Mr. J. Littlejohn, Mr. R. Cooper, Mr. B. Allen, Dr. Wardlaw, Dr. Bowlby, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. Clougher, Mr. E. E. Sheppard, Dr. Harris, Dr. Morton, Miss Greig, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. J. F. Thompson, Mrs. C. S. Warren, Miss Ethel and Master Harold Foster, Master George Goulding.

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Among the wedding presents I noted these from relations—Mason & Risch piano, from the bride's parents; silver berry-spoon, Col. Garratt; silver five-o'clock tea set, Mrs. Geo. Goulding; silver pudding dish, Mrs. Garratt; $100 cheque, Mr. Larratt; $100 in gold, Mr. and Mrs. Goulding; statuettes, Mrs. F. W. Fletcher; pair of pictures, Mrs. E. A. Fletcher; silver table, Mr. Harry Goulding; oxidized silver lamp, Mr. and Mrs. Warren; toilette set in pink satin, Miss Jessie Warren; silver berry-dish, Mr. C. C. Spencer.

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The Liberals of the city are extending its hospitality to the Hon. Wilfred Laurier this week after his great speech at the Pavilion on Monday night. On Tuesday a lunch was given at the Reform Club in honor of Mr. Laurier and Mr. Fisher, at which Hon. Oliver Mowat presided. Many prominent Liberals were present. On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Edgar gave a dinner party to the Liberal leader at their residence on Bloor street. There were present: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Hon. Edward Blake, S. A. Fisher, M.P., Hon. J. M. Gibson, Hon. A. M. Ross, H. H. Cook, M.P., John Waldie, M.P., Dr. Gilmour, M.P.P., John Leys, M.P.P., G. B. Smith, M.P.P., Mr. George A. Cox, Mr. W. T. R. Preston and Mr. J. S. Willison. On Wednesday evening a reception was held at the residence of Mr. Robert Jaffray which was taken advantage of by many young Liberals to get acquainted with Mr. Laurier.

*

A very happy event took place on Thursday morning, September 25 at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Ramage, Cheseley, Ont., the occasion being the marriage of their daughter Jennie to Mr. B. W. Burland of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Huston. Mr. D. Whitson of Toronto acted as groomsman, and Miss Mary Ramage, sister of the bride, as bridesmaid. The presents were handsome and numerous. The happie couple left on their wedding trip east, carrying with them the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

*

On Tuesday afternoon, at 204 Dovercourt road, a large number of friends assembled to attend the wedding of Mr. Ubert P. Tarbox to Miss Bertha Bogart, daughter of Mr. P. Bogart. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. Haryett. The bride was attended by Misses L. and G. Bogart. After the wedding dinner the newly wedded pair set out on their tour to a number of the American cities. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Dodds, Rev. H. H. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Giles, Mr. and Mrs. Tarbox, Mr. and Mrs. Blackhall, and Mr. H. G. Bogart.

Ladies' Cricket.

A cricket match was played on the Toronto Cricket Club ground on Friday afternoon, September 27, which was the first, I think, of its kind in Toronto. Miss Shanly's young ladies' eleven was met by an eleven who had been fortunate enough to have obtained Miss Moss as their captain. The last mentioned team came fairly near winning the match, and their success is in itself a lecture on the adaptability of the feminine character; for on Monday they all (bar one) knew nothing about cricket; on Tuesday they combined and conspired against the Shanly eleven; on Wednesday they challenged the enemy; on Thursday they practiced; and on Friday they got left. But not very badly. I think the whole twenty-two had a very happy day. As the light and playful Herbert Spencer would say, all were "in complete harmony with their environments"; except perhaps (who knows?) when a wretched umpire may have disturbed serenity with his irrevocable errors.

It was a shivery-shakery sort of a day; but the whole twenty-two were on the warpath for sport. Even a 25 mile breeze could not head them off. They were bound to have sport, and even consented to lose personal identity in wearing uniform and in being addressed by odd names by the gentlemanly captains—names, such as "long off," "square leg," etc., when it is not to be supposed that they were in the slightest degree "off," or of any rectangular conformation. Indeed it seemed natural on a cricket-field to see all the Graces present. To-day these were not the great W. G. and his brothers, but a more successful sort. Cricket does not bring out the drawing-room graces much, but these are at a discount just now. The languid turn of the head and the majestic sweep of a reception dress seem remote when a girl is fielding a ball for all she is worth; but she'll get there all the same about Christmas time, when the dancing comes in, and be as tellingly languid and majestic as she is now spry after the leather. The voice that now crys "run it out" so that it can be distinctly heard at the Humber river will be charmingly *trainante* about Christmas. The environments will be different, but she will be just as attractive in a totally different way. There is no possible make-up about cricket-field grace. This poetry of motion, like the poet, is born—not made. There is no time to study effect. Movement is so sudden that unless the grace be spontaneous we doubt if it can be much cultivated if one be not born willowy. Yet there is this to be said of cricket, that if you are good enough with the willow nobody cares a rap whether you are willowy or not. If one could "wear the belt" at cricket who would care how long it was! Ask John O. Heward. He wore it for many years, and a very comfortable-sized belt it was. "But what came ye out for to sea—a reed shaken by the wind?" Not much. The willowy is shaken and flee eth away, but the willow remaineth and man plays the cricket from the cradle to the grave.

Talking of Mr. Heward brings me by easy transition to his young daughter, Miss T. Heward, who went in first when the Moss Eleven went to the bat. If the youngster had got her "eye in" the Shanly team would be leather-hunting still, as she has a sort of natural accuracy which enables those possessing it to play baseball. But she was so nervous that she disappeared almost at once.

When Miss Hattie Cassells came in and was joined by Miss Moss the two made a long defence, and pretty well tired the field. Miss Cassells had her wits about her. All she knew of batting was to stop the straight balls and swipe the others; and this she did with neatness, punctuality and dispatch, and, moreover, with a deal of native grace. With a fair amount of coaching she would make as pretty a cricketer as might be. As to Miss Moss, she is always first in everything, and was the best all-round cricketer on the field. Her threes and fours were not the result of overthrows, but of solid leather-driving and good running. She plays quite as well as many young men who rather fancy themselves at the game, and she generally managed to either play the ball into a vacant space or else send it excurting into the great beyond of pasture land. It will save printer's ink to say she made 37 runs, with, I think, only one chance. Could all the praise she earned there is only one thing to be said against her. On her own confession she admits that she lately captained a ladies' baseball team. Fancy! Baseball! Oh, Miss Moss, this was heresy and schism!

The fielding and bowling of the Shanly eleven was, taken as a whole, far superior to that of their opponents. The prompt way they returned the ball, even from distances, was good. When the Shanly team were batting the returns of the Moss eleven were of the most effeminate kind—a series of nervous jerks, or scoops, from one to the other until the ball finally reached their captain at the wicket, who viewed the proceedings with a hopeless and resigned, but humorous, expression.

After the Moss-Cassells combination was dissolved the other batters disappeared like smoke—chiefly from not knowing the rules. There was a good deal of amusement when batters started to run, stopped, got paralyzed, lost time enough to make the run twice over and then got out. A few more runs were made. Miss Kerstenman's existence was of the most ephemeral nature. Mrs. Jarvis was stumped almost before she came to the wickets. Miss Sewell made a leg-hit on a ball pitched well to the off—copyright secured—and then retired. All out for 57.

As soon as the Shanly Eleven went to the bat one could see that they had been trained and were fully alive to the merits of a straight bat. A straight bat is made—not born. Judging from observation only, it was more than a guess that the play of several of them was the result of good English boarding-school coaching. Of these, special mention must be made of Miss Fannie Bethune's defence, which was of the most dainty, well-bred, and effective kind.

Distinctions as to personal appearance are to be avoided in records of feminine cricket, but it must be said that a fair girlish face, radiant with success, short locks under a jaunty cap flying in the air, a sort of becoming color in the costume, combined with a graceful speed and undeniably good cricket is lady-like to the last degree, and is as pleasant a sight as any old cricketer is likely to witness this side of the golden gates. No names mentioned. "Them as the cap fits, let 'em wear it."

Not having the score at hand, and speaking only from memory it may be said generally that the Shanly team had rather hard luck. Miss E. Shanly made a large and valuable score; and played with great spirit and success; but Miss C. Shanly soon fell a victim to an adverse fate, as also did Miss L. Shanly who captained the team. Her career, which promised well, ended abruptly in an unfortunate run-out. It was quite apparent that the Misses Bethune and Miss Osler and others could with better luck have done even better than they did. By the way, what is the connection between cricket and the legal mind? Listen: Bethune, Osler and Moss; Blake, Boulton, Jarvis, Scott and Cassells. It sounds as if someone had turned loose a whole law society.

When the Shanly team had made over 60 with one wicket to fall, the rain began to fall quite sharply. The many old cricketers looking on expected to see a general scatteration for cover; but Miss Moss gave no signal; and the fielders went on fielding with a *sang froid* that was rapidly becoming *sang glace*. After a couple of frigid overs a break was made for the shelter, and the cheering cup of hot tea, and for what appeared to be slightly chaotic conversation—which the etiquette of the game had suppressed—in some cases apparently with difficulty.

The Moss players need not be discouraged. If, to speak with a graphic vulgarity, they "bit off more than they could chew," it cannot be denied that they made a sporting offer in their challenge. They succeeded, in fact, better than they expected. When the lady now in mental difficulties eventually finds out how Miss Blank bowled four maidens without taking a wicket; when another party consults the best authorities as to the hidden distinctions, if any, between a bye and a wide, and how a lob differentiates even if only in degree from both; and when other cricket arcana are more fully explained, then this match must be played again.

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A Strong-Minded Woman.

IN ONE of the older settled portions of Ontario which had undergone the cultivation and civilizing influence of one generation of Europeans, and which was in that transition stage so often noticeable in a new country from the primitive rudeness and barbarity of the wilderness to the more contented, peaceful and happy state of rural simplicity, stood a little cottage at a short distance from the roadside. The house was of one story and though it had originally been neatly and strongly built, was now in a rather dilapidated condition. The body of it was made of logs roughly hewn. The one chimney was evidently in need of repair. There were no shutters on the windows, but the blinds were clean and white. The general outside surroundings betokened anything but prosperity on the part of the owner. The fences, what there were of them, were broken and tottering. The outbuildings were few and bare and ragged in appearance. Even the cattle seemed invested with the melancholy and forlorn air which characterized the whole place.

I was staying at that time with my uncle, who lived in the neighboring town from which the cottage was about five miles distant. I had been entrusted by him (he was the executor of a deceased gentleman who had formerly held a mortgage on the property) with some papers, and it happened that on this particular afternoon in September the necessity of procuring from Mr. Green his signature to these brought me up at the little gate which opened on a path leading to the side door of his cottage. Having secured my horse at the gate, and not wishing to appear obtrusive, as I was afraid my visit might not be over-welcome, I knocked somewhat timidly at the door.

A sharp, loud barking from within assured me of the presence of one occupant at least to receive me, as to the rest I was yet in ignorance. The barking ceased in a moment, however, and the door opened in my face, the knob firmly held in the grasp of a tall, angular and rather bony female figure, whose sharp and apprehensive face seemed as if accustomed to repel visitors rather than welcome them. With as polite a greeting and as pleasant an expression as I could command, I enquired if Mr. Green was in.

"Who are ye?" was the only reply in tones so frigid and masculine that they rather staggered me for a moment. In my momentary surprise I began to explain my mission, but at the outset while intending to specify that I was acting for my uncle, I unfortunately used the word "agent," at which point I was interrupted very sharply by the decisive assurance that "we don't want no trees, if that's what yer sellin'." In spite of my hurry to clear myself from the mistake in which my inadvised words had involved me, the idea ran through my head that after all a few ornamental trees at least would have done much to remove the sense of dreariness with which I had been oppressed while walking up the lane. But the necessity of making my object understood cut short all such fanciful reflections, and having said that I wished to see Mr. Green on private business I was asked to step inside. I complied, and had time to take in the surroundings while Mrs. Green (I had made no mistake, although I had not been introduced) dispatched her oldest child, a boy of about ten, to the barn to hunt for his father, and then went on with her scrubbing at the other side of the room. This little act in itself, somewhat trivial, was yet very characteristic. It suggested to me that the woman had a clearly-drawn, definite course of action before her, even a life's work, and the casual appearance of a stranger was too insignificant an event to waste any time upon except so far as it might interfere with the aforesaid plan. There was no time to waste. Business must be attended to, and scrubbing that floor was on the programme of the day's work and possibly was to be done by a certain hour. It was accordingly performed with an air of determination that might have marked the signing of a declaration of war by a minister of state, quite free from the bustling activity of the busy housewife. The interior of the house was not small and the scantiness of the furniture and bareness of the walls made it look still larger. Everything betokened the strictest economy. There were a few chairs and a table on which some brightly-polished tins and dishes were piled. An old-fashioned clock stood in the corner, the most homelike piece of furniture in the room, but unlike the bold tone of Mr. Gradgrind's clock which knocked every second on the head as soon as it was born, and then buried it in the regular manner, its ticking was a little timid. Possibly it was afraid of drawing upon itself the anger of the mistress, as it had often seen the children do by an unfortunate appeal to their mother during her hours of worry. But I must not be too hard upon her. Indeed, the claims to pity were too manifest. There were unmistakable signs of self-sacrifice, and the womanly heart under this rather unfavorable exterior, and had these qualities, instead of being dwarfed by necessity and self-reliance, been only tempered by them and refined by more sweetness and retiring modesty, the result, I reflected, would have been a most desirable character. There were there thrift, perseverance, and many good masculine qualities, but a manifest lack of feminine ones.

But at this point the door opened again, and a meek-looking little man, with rather long whiskers, his upper lip closely shaved, his head rather bald, and trousers with many patches already, and holes for more, entered, glanced at his wife, shook hands with me, and laying a dusty hat on the corner of the table, sat down rather carelessly in a chair near by.

"My uncle, Mr. Hardy," I began, "with whom of course you are acquainted, asked me to drive over this afternoon and get you to sign these papers. He intended writing you, but thought it might inconvenience you to come up to town at this busy time, and the papers must be signed this week."

At the mention of my uncle's name, the scrubbing immediately stopped. Mrs. Green turned round and before the husband could make any reply:

"Oh, you're Mr. Hardy's neffy, are ye?" she enquired.

I replied that I was.

"Well, I want that receipt I got from him last month corrected."

Going to a drawer she produced a slip of paper and pointed out that it was dated the last day of August instead of the first of September, a mistake for which by the way I was myself responsible, as I had written out the receipt for my uncle a few days before.

When I had explained, and corrected the slip, she remarked that: "Her little boy noticed it the minute John got home. He's an awful good little scholar, my little boy."

This was of course intended as a slight reflection on my own intellectual capacity, but to me it was rather pleasing as it showed more of the motherly nature than I had yet observed. The woman clearly had a pride in her son and high hopes for his future. She expected perhaps to be compensated in him for the hardness of her own lot. She now assumed a more condescending air, and, having satisfied herself that the papers were all right, directed Mr. Green to affix his signature, with which command he quietly complied. After a few remarks of a general character which I noticed were always answered by the better half of the house (by whom evidently all important business was also transacted,) I rose and bidding them good afternoon, started for the gate.

But Mr. Green who had followed me out and wishing possibly a word or two with me in a friendly way now that he had a chance, remarked that "the roads is getting pretty dry again."

"Yes, it's very pleasant driving. But my horse is a little lame this afternoon."

"Well, sir," said he, "if you want to see the best colt in this part of the country, just look there," pointing to a corner of the field where a little colt and its mother were feeding. "I'd like to keep him fur the show, but Mr. Hardy offered us a big price for 'im and Marier says he's got to go to make up the interest."

I would gladly have talked longer, for I discovered in his last remark an evident pride in at least one of his possessions. I was anxious to know too, how amid such traces of thrift, industry and affection for home they had come under the grasp of poverty's lean fingers, but finding that it would be late before I got back to town I resolved to ask my uncle about them afterwards.

Accordingly after tea I returned the papers and related my experience of the afternoon, commenting on the poverty-stricken appearance of the farm, Mr. Green's rather listless conduct and the proportionately vigorous character of his wife. "Ah, she's a strong-minded woman," began my uncle, "the husband, a good-hearted, honest fellow is no good for business. You see there was a mortgage on the farm, which old Mr. Morton held. About a year before his death he sold the farm, a thing which he had then no right to do as the interest on the mortgage had been promptly paid. I have watched the struggle that the woman has made against many obstacles, and her determined resolve to save the old farm for her son, a struggle embittered by the thought that they were being wronged, and though it may not have sweetened her nature who of us under similar circumstances would do better? It's very easy you know to be sweet tempered when the world is all bright and sunshiny. However, as one of the executors, I will see fair play, and if they win the suit next week, as I am sure they will, if you should ever pass by that way again, you may have the pleasure of hearing old Green dilate at greater length on the good qualities of his colt, which I bought in to save for him."

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Luck In Odd Numbers.

By GADEN CROFYART.

CHAPTER II.

When we next see our heroine she is in a widely different scene—Galbraith Hall—the companion of Lady Florence Galbraith, the ward of Sir Andrew Galbraith, and tolerably well satisfied, so far, with her new position.

One afternoon, not long after her arrival, Hilary was told by Janet, the maid, that she was wanted in the drawing-room. She ran quickly down and found Lady Florence lying on the sofa, her usual attitude. Being rather above the ordinary height, and when in this position she appeared of length *ad infinitum*. Her hair had been unsuccessfully dyed, and was now in streaks of brick-red and old crimson; piled up in the fashion known as pompadour, it gave her thin face an uncanny look. She might have been pretty as a girl, but now the watery, expressionless blue eyes were sunken, and the nostrils, stretched by frequent application of the smelling salts, formed a curious contrast to the prunes-and-prism lips, between which and the weak, receding chin, there seemed no distinction.

"I wished to present you to my friend Mr. Blair, our minister," the lady remarked with a wave of her hand towards one corner.

Hilary, turning in the direction indicated, perceived a long, black figure standing by the window. Except for the grave and pompous inclination of the sleek, red head, the reverend gentleman might have been of stone.

"I presume that you are the young person of whom Lady Florence has been speaking," said he, in slow, measured tones, "I trust you will fulfil her expectations."

"I intend to do my best," answered Hilary, squaring her shoulders.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," quoted the minister in a solemn voice, folding his hands on his stomach and raising his eyes to the ceiling.

"Thank you, Mr. Blair," murmured her ladyship, "we are very fortunate, Miss Camden, in having so gentle and able an instructor. You will soon experience the same feeling I am sure."

Hilary being of a truthful turn of mind, did not respond to the appeal. Mr. Blair noticed her silence and remarked in sonorous tones that young people were even prone to undervalue religious instruction; to which observation no answer was made, as Lady Florence could not well include herself in the category and Hilary was annoyed at the impertinence.

Soon after this Sir Andrew came in and Hilary, glancing at his handsome, but gloomy countenance, could not forbear contrasting it with the bright, laughter-loving face of a certain young Canadian. But Galbraith was certainly improved; the downward curve of the mouth was gone and the slightly supercilious wrinkle on the brow had disappeared. He talked pleasantly and kindly to Hilary till dinner was announced, thus saving her from the oppressive attentions of the clergyman, who remained for the evening, a very common occurrence she soon found. He sat opposite to Hilary and that young person vainly endeavored to observe him without being herself observed, but his cold, blue eyes seemed always upon her and they had a depressing effect. However, she had a good view of his bony hands as they were stretched out to hand something. The long, bony fingers should have been tipped by well-shaped nails, but whether by neglect or ill-usage, the half moons were hidden and the ends cut to the quick, presenting a stubby appearance. Each knuckle stood out in a crimson glory of its own and the wrists were thick and badly formed. But Hilary blamed herself for her harsh criticism when Mr. Blair joined ably in the conversation and he and Andrew discussed the open questions of the day. The minister dropped his canting style while in the hearing of Galbraith. Perhaps he thought it would be casting pearls before swine. Whatever the reason was, he had a wholesome fear of the baronet and was chary of calling that wrinkle into the broad brow. Lady Florence and her companions were content to listen; the former with undisguised admiration, treasuring each smooth, well-oiled word as it fell from the large thin-lipped mouth.

Towards the middle of the evening though, Hilary's dislike returned and it was in a very chilly voice that she bade the clergyman good-night.

"That young person has not the bold manners of her countrywomen," remarked Mr. Blair as she left the room. He evidently labored under the impression that Canada was a home of half-civilized savages. "But there is a lack of religious fervor in her conversation," he added. "Now I thank the Almighty that I had a mother who would have trounced me soundly, if I had spoken lightly of sacred things. Miss Camden, I noticed, made several flippant remarks about church going and so forth."

"My dear Mr. Blair," simpered Lady Florence, "not everyone is so good as you."

"You flatter me, my lady. I am an humble man, but I often wish the young folks were more subdued; levity is a subtle but dangerous sin, and young people are inclined to be frivolous."

"Ah, yes; it is a great pity," said his auditor as she smoothed her lace handkerchief into more graceful folds, "but I think Miss Camden is steady, and I know she is clever, because Andrew told me so; he taught her in Canada."

The minister after a lengthy rigmarole about nothing in particular, took his leave and Lady Florence retired.

Hilary soon slipped into the nook allotted her, and suited her mistress very well as regarded some duties, but when her ladyship found that the girl did not care for trashy novels, could not dress scanty locks to resemble a very crown of tresses, could not produce a peach like bloom on faded cheeks, a marked coolness was evinced by her manner. The work was not arduous and would have occupied four hours of the day at the most, if done in a regular routine, but Lady Florence contrived to spread it over the whole day. After breakfast Hilary assisted her mistress to dress, and this task she disliked heartily. It angered her to see a woman of fifty lacing so tight that her dresses were buttoned with a hook, and sitting before the mirror posing and simpering like a French poodle was then washed and combed and the flowers watered. A long weary morning followed of reading aloud, playing, fitting laces, running messages and obeying every whim and fancy her ladyship chose to think of. When four o'clock came she was free. From then till the seven o'clock dinner her time was her own.

One afternoon in winter as she was sitting in the drawing-room talking to Lady Florence, Sir Andrew came in and seated himself without a word at the window. His aunt and Hilary were too well accustomed to his peculiarities to question him. If they had known what was passing in his mind they would not have sat thus complacently.

"You remember Forres, Miss Camden?" he inquired abruptly.

"Oh, yes!" with emphasis, "Dan and I are—she stopped suddenly and the color rushed to her cheeks at the remembrance of a summer evening nearly two years before.

"He is now gone to New York and he has a splendid position," continued Galbraith, then he dropped the subject, but not so Lady Florence; with her usual tact and kindness she exclaimed:

"Why Miss Camden, are those blushes for Dan? I am sure I had no idea that you had left your heart in Canada." She spoke in a playfully aggrieved tone, but poor Hilary who inwardly cursed her lack of self control, rose from her chair and hastily left the room.

"Holty-tolty," cried my lady, "Dan's lady-love has a temper." Her nephew did not answer; he was disgusted with her vulgarity, he was angry with himself for mentioning Dan, he was sorry for Hilary.

She, meanwhile, wrapped herself in furs, preparing to go out. She felt that only fresh air and keen winds would dispel the angry, bitter feelings surging in her heart. Slipping down the stairs, she walked softly across the hall, but quick ears heard her quiet movements and when she reached the hall door, Sir Andrew was at her side.

"You can't go out to-day, Miss Camden," in a tone of decision, "there is a storm coming on."

"Oh, I shall be back before long," she answered carelessly, and laid her hand upon the door.

"Please do not go, Hil— Miss Camden."

The gentle voice, the detaining hand, his hesitating use of her name, caused her to linger for a moment, but the old willful mood was upon her, and with an impatient gesture, she repeated her assurance. Galbraith drew back stiffly, and in silence returned to the drawing-room.

Once out, with the bracing wind blowing and the light snow-flakes falling around her, Hilary's ill-humor vanished and she laughed with pure child-joy as the snow was driven in her face, making her blink and stumble, but she did not notice, till she had walked a long distance, how the wind was rising and the flakes growing larger and falling more densely; she looked at her watch, half-past five and it was getting dark. She turned to retrace her steps, but the snow had covered her footprints. She walked steadily on for a while, trusting to luck that she might be in the right path, for as yet she had no apprehensions. However, she was very glad when she saw, a few feet in advance, a tall, dark figure. She quickened her pace and soon came alongside of the Rev. Mr. Blair.

"Mr. Blair!" "Miss Camden!" simultaneously. Explanations were made and the minister at once said that Hilary should go home with him as they were near the Manse.

"The Manse!" she exclaimed. "Why, I thought I was close to the Hall." She laughed over her mistake and scouted the idea of Lady Florence's being anxious.

"I will do my best to make you comfortable, Miss Camden, if you will come."

Hilary looked up in surprise at the tone of voice. There was a pleading, humable inflection in it that she had never heard before. She accepted the invitation gladly, for this was the first frolic since leaving her old home, and she enjoyed it all the more.

The Manse was a large, roomy house, tenanted only by the minister, a distant elderly cousin of his, and two domestics. Mrs. Macdougall, the cousin, was a kind, fussy old body, and did her utmost to provide for Hilary's comfort. So while she was attending to hospitable duties, Mr. Blair showed his guest were left alone in the old-fashioned parlor, at apartment which gave the girl much astonishment. It was handsomely furnished in the style of fifty years ago, but there was an air of cosy comfort in the high-backed settee, standing before the fire, the gleaming brass andirons, the gray cat on the rug, purring softly. Hilary sat down on the low seat and warmed her hands at the bright blaze. He remained standing, and once, glancing up in his face, she found that he was fixed intently upon her. She let her own fall quickly, but he still continued to gaze as if striving to impress an indelible remembrance of her upon his memory. Suddenly he stopped, and taking one of the little warm hands in his, said quietly: "Miss Camden, I have long intended to ask you a question. Can you guess what it is?"

"Why, no;" she cries quickly, but a sudden fear seized her and she paused still.

"Miss Camden, I love you and wish to make you my wife." Little did he think that she was saying to herself: "How prosaic! Just like him."

"Have you no answer for me? I love you truly, I do indeed."

"I can not give the answer you wish, Mr Blair, because I don't love you and never could."

"Oh yes! I would teach you, I would make you love me!"

"Forced love is never true," said Hilary, "and I know, Mr. Blair, I could never love you."

"My dear Miss Camden, pray do not be positive; it often leads to untruth."

She flushed angrily and wondered that his dictatorial spirit pervaded even his love making.

"Surely you do not wish me to give you vain hopes!" she asked.

"No; but I am confident that you are mistaken."

"Then please let me tell you that I am not mistaken," she cried vehemently.

He had reserved a forcible argument (so he thought) for the last, and now brought it forward.

"It is not merely selfish passion which prompts me to make this proposal. I perceived long ago that you are a lady but dangerous sin, and young people are inclined to be frivolous."

"Ah, yes; it is a great pity," said his auditor as she smoothed her lace handkerchief into more graceful folds, "but I think Miss Camden is steady, and I know she is clever, because Andrew told me so; he taught her in Canada."

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"Holty-tolty," cried my lady, "Dan's lady-love has a temper." Her nephew did not answer; is not final; I am going to speak to Lady Florence."

"You may speak to whom you like, Mr. Blair," exclaimed Hilary, indignantly; "but it will not influence me in the least."

She ran into the house without thanking him for his kindness, and on the stairs encountered Sir Andrew. He looked as calm as usual, though his face was a trifle pale, but when she attempted to brush past him, merely saying, Good-morning," he grasped her hand, and in an agitated voice, inquired where she had been—how had she got home. She related her adventure as briefly as possible, then tried to escape, but he held her arm firmly.

"Why did you not let us know, or send a message? We—I have been very anxious."

He did not tell her that he had spent a long, lonely night on the moors, seeking her.

"Oh, I knew that as long as I was back in time to wash the pug, it would be all right," she answered gally.

"Do you think that is all we value you for?" asked Sir Andrew, gravely.

"Oh, dear, no!" in a mocking tone, "I dress Lady Florence, read, sing, play, besides make myself generally agreeable."

He turned abruptly and left her standing on the stairs, half-defiant, half-penitent. An hour later, Galbraith opened the door of his aunt's boudoir.

"My dearest boy, come here," and Lady Florence beckoned with her eau-de-cologne bottle. He seated himself and without preface said:

"Blair has been with me for an hour and said that he had spoken to you about—about Miss Camden."

Lady Florence's flood-gates of eloquence in the cause of matrimony now opened and she began a long and very wordy exposition on Hilary's extraordinary good-fortune, and the advantage she would derive from her position as the wife of the Rev. John Blair, M.A.

"But she has not accepted him!" cried Andrew, in black dismay.

"Oh, no, but it is only maidenly modesty that makes her say 'no' at first. A girl's way, my dear, that you men can not appreciate."

"I will not let her marry him if I can help it," he said decidedly.

"My dear Andrew! and he is so good a man I am sure—"

"Poor drivelling idiot!" muttered the baronet, very disrespectfull, no doubt, but the poor fellow was in a bad temper; then aloud, "He shall not marry her, I say!"

"I declare, Andrew, you are a perfect dog in the manger. You don't want the girl yourself and you won't let Mr. Blair have her."

"I do want her myself," he burst out, "and that's just the trouble." Before Lady Florence could speak he was gone, banging the door after him. She then proceeded to work herself into hysterics, which she managed without much trouble, her nerves were so weak, poor thing!

Hilary did not see her worthy patroness until the next day, and it was then that the unpleasant bone of contention was produced. Lady Florence opened the campaign by remarking on the beauties of the scenery about the Manse, its spacious rooms, its picturesque architecture and its estimable owner. Hilary met the charge bravely and then ensued a skirmish, out of which she came undoubtedly the victor. Lady Florence lay flushed and panting on the sofa. She was deeply offended at Hilary's triumph and determined to resent it.

"Well, Miss Camden, since you do not accept Mr. Blair's kind offer, there is nothing left to do, and that is to leave Galbraith Hall."

Hilary hesitated a moment before she answered, "I will leave to-morrow, if you wish it, but I must first have your reasons for my dismissal!"

"Reasons! miss, reasons! I have private reasons of my own. Pray do not be impertinent."

"Private or not, Lady Florence, I must have them."

"I declare this is really shocking! Are my own opinions to be dragged to the light by a—"

"Lady-help," suggested the girl scornfully.

"Yes, yes, a lady-help; a mere upper servant."

"Lady Florence, I already know what I am, but I am waiting for your reasons."

The vapid, blue eyes were turned upon her with a doubly vapid expression, but the steady, determined gaze of the brown ones cowed them.

"It is really most unreasonable of you, Miss Camden; but as I suppose I will have no peace until I tell you, I shall, ahem, give my reasons."

"Thank you," murmured Hilary.

Lady Florence bridled at the tone, and requested her companion to observe that what she did she did of her own accord and was by no means forced. She paused, fidgetted, coughed, even cried a little and then gave her reasons.

"My nephew, in a fit of petulance, yesterday gave me to understand that rather than let you marry Mr. Blair—I don't see his objections at all. I am sure that a kinder, better—but as I was saying, rather than allow you to do that, he was willing to marry you himself."

"Very kind of your nephew, indeed," murmured Hilary.

"Pray do not interrupt. Now everyone knows how kind-hearted Sir Andrew is, but no one with any common sense would take him at his word in such a matter."

"Of course not," echoed Hilary.

"Again I must beg of you not to interrupt. I am convinced that when you think of all the disadvantages which must arise from such a union, you would abandon the idea altogether."

"I have never entertained the idea, Lady Florence," answered Hilary, smiling scornfully.

"Oh!" exclaimed her ladyship, much relieved by this announcement and allowing herself to be betrayed into a truer statement of the case.

"My nephew, last evening told me he loved you, but in all probability it was in a burst of good will and pity for your position, in fact it is, as I know from certain words which he dropped, that as you can see, difficulties may arise and you will not be offended if I ask you to—to—discontinue your services, but of course in no hurry."

Hilary felt very naughty and wilful just then, and a wild desire came over her to shock Lady Florence, to give all her pinched, parched-up puppets of propriety a good push, that they might tumble one after the other, and seeing herself up to her full height, she said very calmly and deliberately: "If your nephew is really in love with me, Lady Florence, I don't think I shall leave; it might give him severe pain."

Her auditor sat with open mouth, gazing in astonishment. Hilary walked slowly out of the room, and was hardly surprised when she saw Sir Andrew dash forward with a shout of "Bravo! bravo! Hilary!"

No sooner did the 'mere upper servant' hear the ecstatic cry than she ran as fast as her feet would carry her, across the hall, up the stairs and into her own little sitting-room, the door of which her nervous fingers vainly endeavored to lock. Across the hall, up the stairs into the little sitting-room pursued Sir Andrew, troubled by no thought of propriety.

"You have said it! You have said it!" he exclaimed triumphantly, "and I know it is true."

"What is true?" she inquired with a steady voice, but her cheeks crimsoned and her eyes drooped.

"That you will stay here if I love you, and I do. Oh Hilary, I cannot tell you how I love you."

"I only said it as a joke. I was angry at Lady Florence and wished to annoy her," she protested.

"Do you really mean that?" he said slowly, all the happy, eager light gone out of his eyes.

"Oh, dearest Hilary, don't be hard on me because I have been slow to discover the treasure within my reach. I have been very stupid and often rude I am afraid, but I love you now, I love you now!"

"I was not in earnest, Sir Andrew. Please forgive me for the untruth."

"Hilary, can you look into my eyes and say that it was a joke!"

She looked straight into the solemn grey eyes and a problem swiftly worked itself in her brain. To be Lady Galbraith was very tempting, but a dark face, with loving, passionate yearning in it came before her. In a flash she understood the longing which had filled her heart, and answered in a firm voice, "I said it as a joke." Then, seeing the pain in his face, she exclaimed, "Oh, I never meant to hurt you! I am so sorry, I am indeed!"

"Don't pity me," he muttered, "it is my own fault. If I had been kinder you might have learned to love me."

"You have been nothing but kindness itself, but—but—"

"I see," he said simply and left her.

Hilary then sat down and took herself to task for the wilful thoughtlessness, which had caused three good men pain and sorrow. She spared no reproaches, but laid her conduct clearly before her, ferreted out every trivial naughtiness, and scolded herself severely for it. But there was a stronger cause for joy than for penitence and, try as she would, visions of Dan and Canada floated before her and, at last, in despair of getting her thoughts in better order, read Dan's last letter, in which he renewed his appeal—the first time since her departure—then seated herself and wrote a long, hurried letter in reply, a synopsis of which would probably be, "My dear old Dan, I am coming home to you."

Meanwhile, downstairs a stormy scene was going on; Lady Florence had told her nephew of Hilary's dismissal and he, in angry tones, ordered her to remand the hasty decision. A brisk discussion followed, in which Sir Andrew won, but his triumph was useless as Hilary was determined to return to Dan. So in a few weeks, she left Galbraith Hall and Andrew squared his shoulders and met his sorrow bravely.

A few months after Hilary's home-coming, the following announcement appeared in the *Times:*

BLAIR—GALBRAITH—At the residence of the bride's nephew, the Rev. John Malcolm Blair and Lady Florence Galbraith were united in holy wedlock by the Rev. James Macdougall.

The paper was sent to Mrs. Forres, Junior, and as she read her husband peered up and down the old lane, one morning in June, they had a merry laugh over it.

"Dan," said Hilary, suddenly, becoming very grave, "there is only one thing wanting to make me perfectly happy."

"I thought you were perfectly happy," in a tone of reproach.

"You have left nothing undone to make me so; but I should like to know who my parents were, and to see my father if he is alive," replies Mrs. Dan, soberly.

"You may find out some day, dearest; but please don't let that trouble you; you have me."

"Of course I have," and then followed one of those delightful little interludes, not to be interpreted by outsiders.

Miss Pringle, now very old and infirm, but still the position of Gossiper-in-Chief, watched the happy pair from her window.

"Well, I allus did say that there wus luck in odd numbers, and if that ere guirl had let things go straight, she might have been my lady now."

The story had been wafted over the Atlantic, how, who can tell?

"She was brought here on the last day of the eleventh month, and she went away on the—the fifth—no seventh, an' I reckon there were other odd numbers. Well, she's choose her own lot. Humph! Some people wouldn't take luck if it was thrown at 'em."

[THE END.]

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

— SUCH S —

Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.

THIS IS NO FICTION

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.

"Worth a Guinea a Box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed will quickly restore females to complete health. For a Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver; THEY ACT LIKE MAGIC.

A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

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THOS. BEECHAM,

St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL,

Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

He Had Feelings.

"Will nobody separate those dogs," exclaimed the humane man, with righteous indignation. "Have you no feelings, sir?" he continued, addressing a big fellow who seemed to be taking a delighted interest in the combat.

"Feelin's, man?" was the reply. "Feelin's! I've got a ten-bob bet on this fight, and my dog's on top. 'Old 'im, Zeke! 'Old 'im!"

The Benefits of Knowing French.

Customer—You don't call this sky-blue stuff milk, do you? Milk ought to call it milk and water, instead of milk.

Milkman (politely)—So I do, sir. I always say Milk—and which, as you are a man of education, you will know is foreign for water. I always keep within the law, sir.

No Advantage Gained.

"Mamma, dear," said Janet, "at what time in the day was I born?"

"At two o'clock in the morning."

"And at what time was I born?" asked Jack.

"Not until eight o'clock."

"Ah," cried Janet, "my birthday's longer than yours!"

"Well," said Jack, "what's the use of being born before it's time to get up?"

And Very Quickly, Too.

Here is the last of a shoemaker, beyond which let no cobbler go. A lady complaining that the soles of her shoes were too thick, the artful manufacturer said to her: "Is that your only objection to them, madam?"

"It is," the lady replied.

"Well, then, madam, if you take them I think I can assure you you will find that objection gradually wear away."

Don't Do It.

Don't bring that sour face home to dinner, to depress wife and children. What if you have had business annoyances, can't you leave them long enough to enjoy a repast with your family? And please to consider that others have their troubles as well as you. Your wife has hers in the household, yet she meets you with smiling face. You never would be able to read in it that the butcher sent the wrong roast for dinner, or that the vegetables bought early in the morning were not sent home until she almost despaired of having them at all, or that the milk had soured (had it caught a reflection of your face?) or that the cat had got into the parlor and destroyed her pet vase.

But you—all the troubles and annoyances of the day are clearly photographed on your visage. The sour look is still there, just as it was when you finished reading some very unsatisfactory business letters. You blew up your bookkeeper, and the scowl with which you did it still lingers on your brow, while the stern lines (and bowlines) about your mouth are drawn down just as they were when you refused to endorse a neighbor's note.

You don't mean to carry clouds into the domestic firmament, of course not. It is only because you don't think, and perhaps this gentle and well meant hint may do you good.—*Texas Siftings.*

Vagaries of Sleep-walkers.

Dr. Haycock, the eminent Oxford divine, would often rise from his bed at night, give out his text, and, while fast asleep, deliver an excellent sermon upon it. He was frequently watched, but no amount of tugging, pulling, or pinching ever succeeded in arousing him.

Dr. Macknish of Edinburgh, gives an account of an old Scotch gentleman who swam more than two miles down a river, got ashore, and was subsequently discovered sleeping by the roadside, altogether unconscious of the extraordinary feat he had accomplished.

Dr. Pritchard had a patient who was particularly fond of horse exercise, and used to rise at night, find his way to the stable, saddle his horse, mount the animal, enjoy a gallop, and finally come back, knocking at his own front door in a somnambulistic condition. He was entered in a magistrate's notes. He was worth recording—his servants tickled the soles of his feet.

The memory of sleep-walkers is occasionally prodigious under the influence of the dominating impulse that moves them.

Moriarty gives an instance of a poor and illiterate basket-maker, who was unable to read or write; yet in a state of sleep he would preach fluent sermons, which were afterwards recognised as having formed portions of discourses he was accustomed to hear in the parish church as a child more than forty years before.

Quite as strange a case of "unconscious memory" is referred to by the eminent Dr. Abercrombie. A girl given to sleep-talking was in the habit of imitating the violin with her lips, giving the precise ordinary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. It puzzled the physician a good deal until he ascertained that when a child the girl lived in a room adjoining a fiddler, who often performed on this instrument in her hearing.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that somnambulists occasionally do very foolish things and make odd mistakes. A young man, of whom Petrus writes, used to get up in his sleep, climb to his castle battlements, seat himself astride them, and then spur and whip the wall, under the impression that he was mounted upon his steed.

To come to a more amusing instance of a somnambulistic feat, Prof. Fischnell of Basle writes of a young student of Wurtemberg College, who used to play hide-and-seek while fast asleep. His fellow students knew of his propensity, and when he began walking, threw bolsters at him, which he always eluded, jumping over bedsteads and other obstacles placed in his way.

Where Love is Throned.

"Beth, I am going away."

She glances into his face with wide open startled gray eyes.

To little Beth Lester this dark-eyed handsome man of the world is a very king among men.

Guy Randolph sees that frightened look, and his handsome lips curl involuntarily.

He is accustomed to homage from women, and no longer prizes it; rather, looks upon it as a tiresome nuisance, an unmitigated bore.

Young, rich and handsome, the gods have done their utmost in showering upon him the richest gifts within their grasp.

There is nothing in life left for this fortunate young man to desire save happiness.

Strange perversity of human nature, which, with everything desirable, still cannot be happy.

He gazes into the sweet, childish face uplifted to his own; and somehow, a wistful look creeps into his eyes, and a strange longing for happiness steals into his heart.

"Yes, Beth," he says, slowly, "I am going away from Deepdale—going home to the city. I have been here too long already—for my own peace of mind," he adds, with an involuntary sigh.

Beth feels her heart beat fast, and a tinge of color touches her cheeks for an instant.

She is not a beauty, little Beth—a pale, slim, gray-eyed girl, with a mass of golden hair and a sensitive, red mouth.

She is the bread-winner of the family, eking out their slender income by putting to practical use her one talent.

She paints beautifully, and the pretty little scenes, the fans, the decorated china tea services, the fantastic plaques—which are, at the time my sketch opens, the chief craze among ladies of fashion—all find ready market, and the proceeds go to swell the Lester exchequer.

But poverty, toil; nothing in all her previous experience has equalled in pain and grief the sorrow which now stares her in the face—the parting with Guy Randolph. Only (woman's pride comes to her aid) he must never know it, never suspect.

"I'd rather die!" she pants, low under her breath.

Guy Randolph had taken her slim little hand. They were alone, sitting upon the beach, with old ocean sitting at their feet and a golden sunset overhead.

"Must you go soon?" asks Beth, tremulously.

"To-morrow!" How pale he is, and his voice trembles perceptibly. "Beth, I may as well make my confession and be done with it, otherwise you will think meanly of me when I am gone."

He turns and faces her calmly, and their eyes meet in a long, long look.

"Beth, I am going to be married!"

He expects her to faint or cry out or make any visible sign of emotion Guy Randolph is greatly mistaken.

Her fearless eyes never droop, her gaze never wavers, and her voice is firm now—quite firm. Yet she has had her death blow.

"Allow me to congratulate you," she says.

A red flush flits over his dusky, handsome face, and a strange, longing look comes into his eyes.

"It is not my doing," he goes on doggedly, "it is all a family arrangement; the old, stale plan for chaining together two vast estates, and I—"

She puts up one hand with a weary gesture.

"Don't!" she says, sharply. "Mr. Randolph, all that explanation is unnecessary, and only lowers you in my eyes. As if a man could be coerced into marriage against his will in this day and age of the world! Shall we go home?" she adds, lightly. "Ah!"—arising at once to her feet—"there is the tea bell, and I must confess I am prodigiously hungry."

He sets his white teeth hard into his under lip as he moves away at her side, a slim figure in snowy white, with a Jacqueminot rose at her throat and another in her belt.

Up at the pretty white cottage, which, with the grounds surrounding it, is Mrs. Lester's sole possession, they find that lady—a pale, delicate woman in deep mourning—awaiting them with ill concealed impatience.

"Mr. Arden is coming to morrow, Beth," she announces at once.

Beth's face grows a little whiter and a hard look glitters in her gray eyes, making them glint like steel.

"He will remain all summer," continues Mrs. Lester complacently, "and I hope you will be glad to see him, Beth."

Beth arches her eyebrows.

"Of course—why not?" she returns carelessly.

And then Mr. Randolph betrays his unconscious interest; and Mrs. Lester sends Beth to bring tea, and vouchsafes to explain that Mr. Arden is an old friend of the family—very much in love with Beth.

Guy Randolph listened with a strange pang at his heart.

He realizes all at once, with a sudden shock, that he has given his heart over into Beth Lester's keeping.

And he is engaged to Grace Darrington, the fashionable beauty, away in distant New York.

And Beth? She will marry Mr. Arden and be happy? The thought stings him.

He goes out in the moonlit garden that night and paces up and down for an hour, thinking—thinking.

He loves Beth, and feels deeply the mistake of marrying one woman, while his heart—every throb of it—belongs to another.

"I will go home and see Grace," he decides at last; "and though it may be a cowardly thing to do, I shall ask her to release me."

He returns to the house and bids them good-night and good-by, for he will be off early in the morning, before they are up, he says.

When morning dawns he never dreams of the little white-robed figure which, at a certain window, concealed behind the blinds, is watching for a last glimpse of the well-beloved face.

Watching in the early day dawn—for she has been at that window all night long, starting her lonely future in the face with wild, piteous eyes—for, Heaven help her, she loves him—loves Guy Randolph with all her heart.

"That hateful Mr. Arden is coming to day," she says to herself an hour or two later, as, after a short nap, she dresses herself to go down-stairs.

She feels that there is a tiresome siege before her for her mother is very desirous that Mr. Arden shall woo and win her daughter—Mr. Arden, who is worth a cool million.

Beth, who has always looked upon Mr. Arden with calm indifference, regards him now with absolute horror.

"I hate him!" she declares.

It is a whole week, however, before the gentleman arrives—detained by business, a telegram informs them.

A middle aged man, but with a look of happiness upon his broad face which Beth has never observed there before.

Something has happened, surely, and Beth has not long to wait before she discovers what it is.

"I am very happy, Miss Beth," he begins as soon as he finds her alone, which Mrs. Lester arranges as speedily as courtesy will admit. "I feel as if I must confide in you," he goes on slowly.

Beth looked up from her embroidery.

His face is fairly radiant as he goes on without preamble—

"Miss Beth, I am engaged to be married to the loveliest girl in New York, in my opinion," he adds, modifying his statement.

Beth laughs gleefully—actually laughs!

"Oh, I am so glad," she begins, then stops short.

"The young lady was previously engaged," he goes on slowly and ponderously—"one of those absurd matches arranged by parents which are a living disgrace to the enlightened nineteenth century. Of course I was wretched when I learned the truth, and I only discovered accidentally that she had learned to care for me. And now she has broken her uncomfortable bonds, and we are to be married this coming winter. Do not think, dear Miss Beth, that she has wronged the gentleman to whom she was betrothed. By a strange coincidence it transpires that he, too, has learned to love another woman; and he called upon Grace to ask her to set him free at the same time that she had decided to beg him for a release. By the way, you know the gentleman, I think. A very worthy young man—Guy Randolph; and by the same token, as the Irish say, there he is now."

Beth turns a pair of startled eyes in the direction indicated by Mr. Arden, and she sees Guy Randolph—Guy Randolph, smiling and care free.

He is up the veranda steps and into the room in the shortest possible time.

Mr. Arden slips out into the garden.

Then Guy lifts Beth's small hand and presses his lips upon it."

"I am free, Beth, he whispers, softly. "Mr. Arden has told you all, I know. That foolish bond is cancelled, and a mad mistake prevented—the mistake of marrying one woman when I loved another. Grace Darrington loves Max Arden. And now, Beth, tell me, darling, do you—can you—love me? Will you be my own wife?"

There is only one answer for Beth to make—an answer which she has never regretted.

The Labor of Dinner Parties.

One of the penalties of fame is to receive a shoal of invitations to dinner parties; and whether a man be a politician or an author, he cannot very well ignore such invitations. Dinner parties sometimes serve a very useful purpose by putting a rich man in a generous frame of mind. Without a doubt, the way to his heart is often through his stomach. It is not, however, against charity dinners that many good men have protested, but rather against social dinners, which are a great tax upon a busy man's time.

Gustave Dore, the great artist, liked English people and their ways, but not their dinner parties. "It is the dinner parties that kill me," he said once. "*Mon Dieu!* how long they last, and how stupid they are!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed the same conviction. On his last visit he was overwhelmed with invitations. The dinner parties of London, he remarks, are very much like the same entertainments among his home acquaintances.

"I have not the gift of silence," he says, "and I am not a bad listener, yet I brought away next to nothing from dinner parties where I had said and heard enough to fill a magazine article. After I was introduced to a lady, the conversation frequently began somewhat in this way:

"'It is a long time since you have been in this country, I believe?'

"'It is a very long time: fifty years and more.'

"'You find great changes, of course, I suppose?'

"'Not so great as you might think. The Tower is where I left it. The Abbey is much as I remember it. Northumberland House, with its lion, is gone, but Charing Cross is in the same place. My attention is drawn especially to things which have not changed—those which I remember.'

"That stream was quickly dried up. Conversation soon found other springs. I never knew the talk to get heated or noisy. Religion and politics rarely came up, and never in any controversial way. People—the right kind of people—meet at a dinner party as two ships meet and pass each other at sea. They exchange a few signals; ask each other's reckoning, where from, where bound; perhaps one supplies the other with a little food or a few dainties; then they part, to see each other no more."

Carlyle was not a social man. "Dinners," he said, "I avoid as much as I can," adding, "so say I of dinner popularity, lords and lionism. Keep it; give it to those that like it." On the "Cheyne Walk," he says, "Jane audaciously got up a thing called a so ree, one evening, that is to say, a party of persons who have little to do except wander through a room, or rooms, and hustle and simmer about, all talking to one another as best they can."

When John Lothrop Motley represented the United States in London, his patience was sorely taxed by dinner parties, the funereal gloom of which he thus describes in a letter to his wife: "Slowly and sadly we sat us down, and precisely the same dishes in exactly the same order are placed under our noses, exactly at the same moment. Then after the normal lapse of an hour and a half, the usual struggle of crinolines takes place, and the ladies soar to the supernal regions. The male survivors prepare to be relieved, and to draw nearer and affect to talk politics, although nothing is ever said; and pretend to drink wine, although not a plat is consumed.

"Then, after the normal twenty minutes are past, the solemn question, 'A little more wine?' is propounded, and procession with funereal gravity moves upstairs—as if they had met to pay the last homage to a deceased friend, and were glad to have accomplished the rite in a becoming manner. After coffee, the party is sometimes strengthened by a rich infusion of new company from without, and the languid circulation is than improved, and then you eclipse yourself when you like, or remain till twelve o'clock, draining the cup to the dregs."

Many a young author, who has jumped into fame, pictures the intellectual treat he is going to have over the dinner table of his host. He will be grievously disappointed.

In one respect literary dinners of to-day are an improvement upon those of a past age, when the bottles were emptied pretty quickly. In a shepherd's dress, and with hands fresh from sheep-shearing, that famous Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg, came to dine for the first time with Sir Walter Scott. Finding Mrs. Scott lying on the sofa, he immediately stretched himself at full length on another sofa, for as he explained afterwards, "I thought I could not do better than to imitate the lady of the house." At dinner, as the wine passed, he advanced from "Mr. Scott," to "Shirra" (Sheriff) "Scott," "Walter," and finally "Wattie," till at supper he convulsed every one by addressing Lady Scott familiarly as "Charlotte."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Sudden Change of Subject.

Mr. Smallpurse (who has carefully figured up the cost of two theater tickets and the street car fare)—Do you enjoy the drama, Miss Gehall?

Miss Genall—Oh, very much; but I become entirely worn out every time I go. You see the play is seldom over before half past ten, and then it takes fully an hour to get supper at Del's, and after that comes the long ride home, and the hackmen do poke so, you know.

Mr. Smallpurse—Um—er—What do you think of Browning?—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Two Ways.

First Dame—Do you ever go through your husband's pockets in the morning?

Second Dame—Huh! Catch me waiting until morning. I go through them before he goes out in the evening.

Not So Bad As It Might Be.

Young Wife—Yes, I am worried. You see, George has gotten into such a habit when we go to the theatre of going out between the acts.

Friend—Oh, my dear, you look at it the wrong way; you ought to be thankful that he comes in between the drinks.—*Texas Siftings.*

Natural.

Remsen Kuhler (to his groom, with severity) Stanley, I hear that you were a little off when you came home last night.

Stanley—Yis, sor; it wor me noight off.—*Puck.*

A Miss.

Old Gent (evidently under great mental strain)—See here, sir; I want to speak to you, sir. You were at my house until very late last night, and after my daughter went to her room I heard her sobbing for an hour. You're a villain, sir, and I've a great mind—

Young Man—Sobbing?

O. G.—Yes, sir. How dared you to insult—

Y. M.—I wouldn't think of such a thing. Believe me.

O. G. (tempestuously)—What did you say to her, sir?

Y. M.—I merely remarked that I was too poor to marry.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Time to Reflect.

Sweet Girl—Oh, this is so sudden. You must give me time to reflect—a week at least.

Fond Lover—Certainly. Even if you should accept to-night it would take about a week to get an engagement-ring made.

Sweet Girl—Um—perhaps you'd better take the measure of my finger now, George.

A Barberous Joke.

Barber (a new hand)—Have you got a mug, sir?

McTurk—I have, sor! and I want it shaved, dom quick.—*Texas Siftings.*

No Bald-headed Idiots

Eli Perkins, writing to the New York *World*, says: "I met in Tacoma an old friend in the editor of the *Globe*. When I asked him if he had seen my last letter in the *World* he gravely scratched his bald head and solemnly replied: "Yes, Eli, I hope I have." Between Eli Perkins, and the New York *World* and the Orting *Oracle* the country will some day discover that the editor of the *Globe* is bald. But nobody ever saw a bald headed idiot. the *Oracle* to the contrary notwithstanding.—*Tacoma Globe.*

A Warrior Bold.

A lawyer gave a dinner party, after which the gentlemen retired to smoke and chat. All at once he got up, took down a sword which formed part of a trophy and, brandishing it in the air, exclaimed:

"Ah! gentlemen, I shall never forget the day when I drew this blade for the first time!"

"Pray, where did you draw it?" said an inquiring guest.

"At a raffle," was the lawyer's simple rejoinder.

Horses in Battle.

War-horses, when hit in battle, tremble in every muscle and groan deeply, while their eyes show deep astonishment. During the Battle of Waterloo some of the horses, as they lay on the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating the grass about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness. Others were observed quietly grazing on the field, between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs; and the balls flying over their heads, and tumult behind, before and around them, caused no interruption to the usual instinct of their nature. It was also observed that when a charge of cavalry went past near to any of the stray horses already mentioned they would set off, form themselves in the rear of their mounted companions, and, though without riders, gallop strenuously along with the rest, not stopping nor flinching when the fatal shock with the enemy took place.

An Unfortunate Reminder.

Mr. Franklin de Belleville—I'm mighty glad cold weather is coming on, for one thing. I won't have to work this lawn mower then.

Mrs. de Belle ville (pleasantly)—No; you'll have nothing to bother you but the furnace.

De Belleville (fiercely, after an interval of gloomy silence)—Well, you're a cheerful companion for a man, I must say!—*Puck.*

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Bohemian London.

I have lived abroad a great deal, and have wandered from one European city to another. Paris, Vienna, Rome and Venice have, for longer or shorter periods, been my "resting places," but I hold that, as the old song has it, "there is ne'er a city of them all" like old London; the London of Dickens and Thackeray. There is no other city in the world where Bohemian society can be so thoroughly Bohemian, nor so thoroughly enjoy itself, and to my mind Bohemia has generally a good time of it. I think when one has lived Bohemian fashion one never cares very much again for the conventional ways of life. They are indeed flat and stale (we will leave unprofitable out) and although the makeshifts and shabbiness are sometimes a little irksome yet the abundant good humor and enjoyment of things as they come make up wonderfully for small annoyances. I pause a moment to wonder what the stout old gentleman yonder on Dunn avenue is saying to the lady in brown. I suppose he is asking a subscription for a church or hospital it must be that for he is smiling blandly as he leans towards her, using his arms wind mill fashion as he expatiates upon his theme, which is evidently an architectural one for just now, I take it, he is showing her the size and shape of a window, being all the time utterly oblivious of the rain-patter on his top hat, while his companion looks vainly about her for shelter, and stands with gathered up skirts, prepared to make a run for it. I should I am sure, and leave my clerical friend to discourse to thin air and thick rain drops. But I must return to my *moutons*. I feel like little Bo-peep and have lost my sheep. Some people think that Bohemians are not good people; that there is something shady, and not altogether perfectly respectable about them. Not so, my friends. Do not labor under a mistaken idea. In most cases Bohemians are men and women who work for a living. Artists of all kinds, great and small; painters, sculptors, musicians, literary people, newspaper men, women who teach in public and private. Of course, as in every hive, there are the drones—loungers who come and go, but who always possess some talent or other. There you will meet brilliant conversationalists, polished men of letters, successful and unsuccessful artists of all kinds. There one will hear polemical discussions, criticisms on oratory—political and controversial, and philanthropic speculations on the abuses of society, interspersed with the graceful chatter and pleasant voices of women. Conventionality of the cumbrous and stupid kind is done away with, and little excursions are planned, such as visits to the theater, or the art galleries, or perhaps a run out of town to Surbiton, or a drive to Hampton Court, the gentlemen always paying the expenses among themselves, and nearly always asking those of their lady-friends who can least afford to procure any pleasure out of their own small earnings. I remember when Dot and I had but one evening-dress apiece. Black grenadines they were—or had been. At the time I write of, they were garments of a green and sickly hue, it viewed by the garish light of day, but done up with pale pink ribbons one night, and the next with old gold or jet, it was truly marvellous to note how well, nay, downright extravagant we looked when arrayed in them for Miss Andrews' dancing class, which class assembled on Tuesdays and Fridays from 7 till 9 p.m., and was composed of grown-up ladies and gentlemen. I played the dance music on Tuesdays, Dot on Fridays, for which we received a small remuneration and the privilege of inviting two of our own particular friends. Miss Andrews' appearance on these interesting occasions was characteristic. Her bob-curls were of the stiffest and corkscrewiest kind, and so firmly attached to the "main building" (for so one might term the structure at the back), that there was no fear of her dropping them, howsoever much she might leap and caper. Her bombazine gown of antediluvian fashion and scanty make fell far short of the floor, leaving ample view of her chaste ankles modestly clothed in virgin white, and her low, broad dancing shoes, which, certainly, in their shape and fit, left nothing to be desired but the one *desideratum*—smaller size. An amber necklace, which she always wore, even at night, I believe, as a charm, the only one she had, surrounded her fair throat, and was tied with a bow of ribbon at the back, from which long streamers, known as "follow me lads," waved upon the breeze, but which failed in their mission, for the lads would not come to the beck of the fair one.

I remember a very dark colored gentleman, supposed to be of fabulous wealth somewhere out in Jamaica, who never missed the dancing lesson. Dark as night was he, although his name was Day, and very much set was he on Dot, but she would have nothing to do with him, though the other girls were only too pleased when he asked them to dance.

No, no. Dot always asked a couple of Bohemian friends, one of them a celebrated reviewer of scientific works whom we will call Percy, and the other a handsome, clean-limbed young fellow, an artist in the terra cotta line, who simply adored my little friend. Hard-working little Dot! So pretty and clever and so honest and true! Such a cheery little woman, too, when things were looking blue and pupils were hard to get. Once when I was ill for a fortnight and made sure that I would lose my situation at Haverstock Hill, Dot, whose afternoons were at the time disengaged, trudged out daily, and took my place and taught my pupils, thus keeping the place open until I was up and about again, and all the time she said nothing about it until she brought me my check at the end of the fortnight, and a rare squabble we had over that money too. How well I remember it, and how Dot used to "do up" my room in the early morning before she went to work, making all things sweet and pleasant for me, and arranging the few flowers some girl friend had brought the evening before, and then again the pleasant chats at night, with a new book from Percy or a tiny terra cotta figure from Druce. We were nothing to each other, just two struggling atoms of humanity thrown together in Bohemia for a little space, that is all. And it is all over now and my Dot has vanished from the scene. But all this time I have left Miss Andrews capering and courting and working briskly away among her pupils, while Dot whirled slowly and harmoniously round the room in Percy's arms, looking up at her partner every now and then, as though appealing to his manliness and strength (he being all the while but as a reed in her dainty hands), which is very flattering to the male biped, while Birdie Gray, with her quiet matronly figure and sensible face, would smile encouragingly at me from the corner, where she sat talking to the fat German professor, (by the way I think we shall soon have a wedding in Bohemia), while I wearily played waltz, quadrille and waltz again, buoyed up by the knowledge of the nice little supper we would have when it was all over, up in Birdie Gray's room. And so the evening would wear away, and presently Mr. Day and his companions would wrap up their young lady friends and his away merrily with them to their respective homes and we would run upstairs, while Percy and Druce went out to the Grid, returning laden with the good things of life, consisting generally of stewed kidneys, Oh, those kidneys! lobster salad, cake, lager and cigarettes. And then the little parcel of books, "just out," that Percy would produce and present to Dot, with always one for me, too! Dear Percy, and he would perch himself on an arm of Dot's chair while Druce sang us something in his rare tenor; and Birdie would talk to her professor, (a thorough Bohemian), and Monsieur and Madame Roland, proprietors of the Pension, where all these things took place, would nod and smile and chirp in French to one another, while I—but never mind about me. Then would come more songs, merry and sad, and clever chats about literature and art, theaters and churches; and the supper being over, and the lager gone, our friends would go, too, after making an appointment for the regatta down at Gravesend and a dinner in the evening and the drive home along Piccadilly in a couple of hansoms of which Dot used to say, "that two women in a hansom was a waste of good material." And so our Bohemian club would break up and our friends would go, and Dot and Birdie and I would sit awhile and ponder over our scanty wardrobes and puzzle over what we would wear at the forthcoming festivity and generally end in a resolution to "do up" the shabby gown once more, buy a ribbon for last year's bonnet and trust to youth and health to make us look nice. We would sit and chat to a late hour of the night amongst ourselves and so lighten our coming labors and long day's teaching; while Miss Andrews squeaked dismally on her violin the adjoining room, till Madame Roland would come to the rescue and silence the evil spirit, while such rest as ever the great throbbing heart of London gets, would fall upon the quiet house. KIT.

A Jarvis Street Query.

On a very common question
We fain would call a halt,
When we hear the people talking
Of the beauties of *asphalt*.

Then the man who in pronouncing
Thinks he wears the champion belt,
Will with ale of wisdom tell you
Of the beauties of *ophelt*.

Tell us, artist of the pavement,
Is it *phalt*, or *phault*, or *phelt*?
And what's the way in Trinidad,
It is pronounced and spelt?

MUSIC

Many of my readers will remember Signor Perugini—Johnny Chatterson, in the vulgar tongue—who was once the romantic tenor of the Holman Opera Company. Well, rumor hath it that he will shortly marry the irrepressible Emma Abbott with her thirty dresses from Worth. And all this before the $85,000 monument to the late lamented Wetherell has been erected! Does she not remind you of the widows in A Woman Hater? A New York paper, with delightful acidity, says that "it will be a double blessing to the deaf tenor, who will have all the enjoyment of seeing his millionaire prima donna wife upon the stage without being able to hear a performance of an Abbott opera. Thus does nature sometimes make our misfortunes blessings in disguise."

Mrs. B. R. Nicholson, who as Miss Berryman was for seven years the leading soprano of the choir of the Church of the Redeemer, will henceforth make her home in Toronto, and we may hope to hear her in our local concerts this season.

The Vocal Society held its first rehearsal on Monday evening with the most gratifying results. The old members of the society turned out in force, seventy-eight offering themselves, together with twenty four new applicants, all well equipped as to voice and ability, a telling argument in favor of the theory of selection. Mr. Bourlier tells me that there are still some thirty applicants waiting their turn for future vacancies. The rehearsal itself was most satisfactory, four new pieces being sung in excellent style.

A move in the right direction has been made by the establishment of a series of People's Popular Concerts, though the title is somewhat tautological. These concerts will take place monthly during the season, the first occurring on October 17. The Chautauqua orchestra, augmented to twenty professional musicians, under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Depew, will take part in all the concerts, and should form a most desirable background to the series. The beginning may be small, but there is here the possible origin of Toronto's permanent professional orchestra, if properly supported, and if properly prepared, a matter that I have no doubt Mr. Depew will give his best attention to. The soloists at the first concert will be Mr. Henri De Besse, violinist, who will make his Toronto *debut* on this occasion; Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, who is too popular to need praise in advance at my hands; W. E. Ramsay, similarly favorably known; Miss Marie C. Strong, the well-known contralto of the Harmony Club; Mrs. Marie Harrison of St. Catharines, a very pleasing soprano, and Mr. Frederick Warrington whose popularity has been long established, who will also act as musical director.

The new Academy of Music will open on Thursday, November 9. Precisely what attractions Mr. Greene will open with has not yet transpired. I have watched the building of this room with interest, and I venture the prophecy that it will be a gem acoustically.

A Harvest Thanksgiving service will be held in St. Simon's Church on Tuesday evening, October 8. The following is the musical programme: Processional hymn, 382 Hymns, A. and M.; Preces and responses, (festal), Fallis; Special Psalms, Gregorian; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, Bunnett in F; Anthem, O Give Thanks Unto The Lord, E. A. Sydenham; Hymn before sermon, 386 Hymns A. and M.; Hymn during Offertory, 384 Hymns A. and M.; Offertory Introit, All things come of Thee O Lord and of Thine own have we given Thee; Recessional Hymn, 383, Hymns A. and M. There will be a sermon by Rev. J. C. Roper, rector of the Church of St. Thomas, Toronto. The offertory is in aid of organ fund. J. W. F. Harrison, organist and choirmaster.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Roland Reed in The Woman Hater has been a source of delight to thousands at the Grand Opera House this week. The Woman Hater, I understand, has been, from a financial standpoint, a tremendous success wherever it has appeared since Mr. Reed started with it in Boston a month ago. And when one goes to see it and watches its absurd commencement develop with kaleidoscopic changes into side-splitting complications still more deep and more absurd, one understands why in The Woman Hater Roland Reed is finding a "barrel" of money and the public a "barrel" of fun.

To attempt to convey an adequate idea of this play in a brief epitome is impossible. It is easier to describe the contents of a large piano warehouse than a small toy shop. For the same reason is The Woman Hater hard to describe. The progress of the story does not depend on a few large and important actions moving naturally to their conclusion. It depends rather on the occurrence of numberless small incidents—they might almost be called accidents—in the life of the hero which keep him in a series of comical situations, but which gradually move along to a suitable *finale*. I shall attempt, however, to present some idea of this play. Mr. Samuel Bundy, who has the reputation of being a woman hater, is a wealthy old bachelor, living in a New York hotel. His principal crony is George Dobbins, a retired coffee merchant, with whom he plays whist and quarrels very frequently. The so-called woman hater has a heart of tinder, however, and one day confesses to his astonished friend that three months before he had become enamored of Mrs. Caroline Brewster of Saratoga and had proposed to her by letter. But as he had received no answer to his missive he concluded he had been rejected with scorn and in consequence had let his guileless heart be ensnared by the charms of a certain Mrs. Joy, a widow who resided at the same hotel. After much trouble he offered his hand to Mrs. Joy and was joyfully accepted. A short time after, being thrown into the company of Mrs. Walton, another bereaved lady stopping at the hotel, he proceeded to tell her of his engagement to Mrs. Joy, but she misconstrued his introductory words into a proposal of marriage to herself and before he knew very well what had happened she had accepted him. And while he was bewildered by this state of affairs, to add to his torture, he received an answer from Mrs. Caroline Brewster to his long-lost letter, in which she accepted him and informed him she would be at the hotel the next week. To escape this dilemma Mr. Bundy gave out that he had gone to Saratoga and then shut himself in his own room, from which position he wrote the same love letter daily to each of his three fiancees. This could not last, however, and Bundy and his friend Dobbins formed a plan to rid him of his numerous prospective brides. Dobbins announced that Mr. Bundy was slightly *non compos mentis*, and this soon had the effect of causing the three ladies to desert him. But Mrs. Joy, the favorite, was informed of the little game that had been played and consented again to become Mrs. Bundy. Just after the ceremony and before starting on the wedding tour, Bundy got into a peck of trouble which finally resulted in his being mistaken for another person and being conveyed very forcibly to a private lunatic asylum. After many amusing incidents in the asylum his wife appeared on the scene, his identity was established and he went on his wedding journey at last. To the main plot, of whose diversions this sketch gives but a feeble idea, there are attached several tributary plots which assist in the complete formation of the play and add much to its merriment.

It strikes me that in the characters of Bundy and Dobbins there is an approach to some of Dickens' creations. The picture of the two fussy old gentlemen who play whist together and generally quarrel violently before they part, seems like some of the eccentric individuals portrayed by the great novelist. But Roland Reed's voice will never allow one to imagine he is anywhere else than in the land of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is a voice one rarely hears on the stage, but its rich nasal tones are vibrant with dry Yankee humor. And when to this down-east Yankee voice is added a nasal organ of generous proportions projecting from the base of a dome of thought whose ample area is added to by a wig of bristling auburn hair one is ready to laugh before the actor says a word. There is no unctuousness in Roland Reed's impersonation of Bundy. He is intensely in earnest and entirely unconscious of the comedy of his situations. There is no fun for him, but the world looks on and laughs at his perplexities. Mr. Reed sings the topical parody, It Was a Dream, excellently, and his New Medley Duet, sung with Miss Ruth Carpenter, was very well received.

The support was excellent. Mr. Ernest Bartram as Dobbins, the retired coffee merchant, acted his part with a great deal of ability, and much of the dry humor of Mr. Reed himself. Mr. Harry A. Smith as the light-headed ex-professor, and Mr H. R. Davis as Dr. Lane the manager of the asylum acted their parts in a very natural and finished manner. Miss Isadore Rush's statuesque style of beauty harmonized well with the part of Mrs. Joy, which she handled admirably. Miss Carpenter was very pretty and clever as Alice Lane, and Mrs. Myers took the part of Mrs. Walton, widow number three, in a very creditable manner.

Next week the famous actress Janauschek will present the following plays at the Grand Opera House: Monday—Mary Stuart; Tuesday—The Women in Red; Wednesday matinee—Mary Stuart; Wednesday—Meg Merrilies; Thursday—The Women in Red; Friday—Woman of the People; Saturday matinee—Meg Merrilies; and Saturday evening—Macbeth. Mme. Janauschek is a consummate artiste. The power, the passion, the force, the effectiveness and the greatness of her genius have been recognized by the ablest critics of two continents, and scholarly pens in Europe and America have paid glowing tributes to the transcendent worth and artistic value of her acting. Words of praise at this late day are hardly necessary to improve a record which is well nigh complete, and which is one of the most remarkable in the history of the stage. To-day Mme. Janauschek stands without a rival in tragedy on the American stage, and with few, very few, actresses even in the dim background who give any promise whatever of attaining greatness. The power to move, excite, sway and thrill an audience of cultivated persons is still hers.

Woman Against Woman, which has been shown at the Toronto Opera House this week, is a tearful tale. There is much that is funereal in its composition. Its action is slow moving, and its speeches long and dreary. Its plot is safely commonplace, and full of unhealthy sentimentalism. But those who go to see East Lynne and weep would probably like the play of Woman Against Woman. It only requires a death at the end to be the most tragic kind of a tragedy. It has not even an Irish policeman or a Dutch saloon keeper to relieve its sombre sadness. The only funny man in the play is a drunken, good-for-nothing villager, and he does not get half a chance. I always sympathize with actors wrestling with a bad play. They are almost certain of condemnation, whether they deserve it or not. In this company are two or three people who, I think, deserve something better to work on. Miss May Wheeler's impersonation of the leading role, showed a capable young actress laboring under difficulties. Next week, My Partner.

I called the other day at the Rossin House to have a few minutes of an interview with the ladies who are entering on a theatrical career with Mr. Roland Reed. I was successful, however, only in finding Miss Carpenter.

"Oh, yes!" said that lady in answer to my query, "I like the stage very much. Of course I have only been on a little while, but I do enjoy the life."

"You had a tiresome journey yesterday," I remarked, for Mrs. Carpenter, who is traveling with her daughter, had explained to me the discomforts of the previous day's travel, while the daughter was curling her pretty blonde hair.

"Yes," she asserted: "two hours to wait at Niagara and play in the evening."

"Now, tell me honestly, Miss Carpenter," I began in my gravest and most inquisitive tone, "do you think it possible for any one to play love who has never been in love?" The mother smiled, Miss Carpenter hesitated, while I ventured the opinion that we might expect a confession. None came, however, for the bright little lady assured me that she considered it "all acting."

A clipping from a Pittsburg paper was shown me. It predicted success for "Alice Lane."

She had, as she told me, laughingly, "a young man all to herself, in the play."

Dressmakers are a nuisance according to Miss Carpenter. Her dresses suited her well as a whole, but one had been undergoing repairs, additions and alterations ever since she had it.

"Our dressmaker gouged us," she exclaimed, emphatically, "for some of them are coming to pieces. They were sewed I expect with a hot needle and a burnt thread."

This last sentence sounded rather vindictive in tone. Overwork and overstudy had broken down Miss Carpenter's health some months ago; but now she thought she was having rather an easy time.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mlle. Rhea's new play, "Josephine, Empress of the French," has caught on in the out-of-town theatres.

Lydia Thompson will tour America this season with a comedy company. Her repertoire is to consist of short plays, three of which will constitute an evening's bill.

The attempt made by Helen Barry to take a leading juvenile role in a play entitled Love and Liberty at the Union Square Theater, New York, last week has been severely denounced by the critics. The reason for the denunciation of this actress' attempt to pose as an *ingenue* is simply because she's not built that way, being of an ample type of beauty that ill accords with such a role. Some other actresses could make a note of this with profit.

The Empty Nest.

For Saturday Night.

One day I wandered by the way,
And spied upon a limb
A nest forsaken, hanging lone,
From long exposure cleaned.
And as I looked, I thought I heard
A warble from the Past,
Sweet music, as of singing birds,
Came floating on the blast.

I listened to its sweetness, till
The Present passed away,
And round me floated in the air
The Past, so blithe and gay.
And in those bird-like notes I heard
A voice, that now is still,
A voice whose carol charmed my ear,
And held me 'gainst my will.

I also heard, as in a dream,
The songs from youthful throats
That ever round the home-nest clings,
And on the zephyr floats.
I heard the pretty warbling notes,
I saw the warblers, too,
A bevy of the brightest sprites
That e'er in home-nest grew.

A rustling of the leafless boughs,
Stirred by the passing breeze,
The swaying of the empty nest
Amid the forest trees
Recalled my wandering thoughts again,
From straying to the Past,
And sadly wended I my way,
Thinking of joys, now past.

My nest forsaken, silent, lone,
My pretty warblers fled;
Some gone to summer climes to build,
Some numbered with the dead.
My cheery help-mate lying low
Within the grave, at rest,
And I, alone, infirm and old,
Bide near the empty nest.

ARCHIE MACK.

Shakespearean Ghouls.

For Saturday Night.

Great Bard, thy muse, like Atlas, holds a heaven
Of literature above our pigmy souls.
The science of its shining stars enrols
Full many a modern sage, to whom is given
A parasitic fame for having striven
To search the sparkling spaces of thy mind.
Fear not, O Bard, though infidels unkind
The Maker from his universe have driven
On their poor charts. Forgive such crack-brained spite,
(These "undevout astronomers are mad")
And in the bitter curse which thou didst write,
Include them not, although in truth as bad
As body-snatcher is the impious wight
Who delves, to earth thy living name from sight.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

The First of October—The Opening of Pheasant Shooting.

A ballad of grouse in Dumfriesshire I sung,
A ballad of partridges back in East Kent,
A ballad of cricket—in embryo—rung
Through my ears, all the summer, wherever I went,
And now when the leaves are with rusting bespreint,
And the moon of September no longer is young,
I dream of the glorious days I have spent
In a Kentish October, the pheasants among.

A vision of Indian summers—of sky
As blue as Australia's, of frost-sharpened eves
And frost-sharpened mornings, of patches of rye,
Left for feeding and cover, of hop-poles in sheaves,
A vision of woods in spring glory of leaves
Were it not for the crimson and gold in their dye.
And the curly black dog, who the pheasants retrieves,
And the liver and white dog, who sets when they lie!

The squire and the keeper in brown velveteen!
The parson short-skirted, and out of his cloth.
A jacket from Norfolk, a kilt from Kilt'ean,
With splendid young fellows, six-footers, in both;
A flash of gold feathers—young cocks of full growth,
A salvo of guns from the corner, unseen,
Then lunch with brown ale (and Miss Mab), all are loath
When the squire gives the word "take the dogs up" at e'en.

DOUGLAS SLADEN *in the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

Love Makes a Change.

"I am sick of the world," he said;
"I am sick of the world and of life;
Of the double-faced hypocrisy,
And the strain of the godless strife.

"I am sick of the fools that succeed;
I am sick of the sages that fail;
Of the pitiless laughter of wealth,
And of poverty's pitiful wail.

"I am sick of the devils that leer
At innocence passing by;
I will bar my door to the world;
I will lay me down and die."

But there came a change as he spoke,
And the mists were burned away;
And the midnight darkness of his despair
Was turned to jocund day.

And the sun burst forth once more,
Till his glories filled the skies,
And the magical power that wrought the change
Was one look in a woman's eyes.

Arcady.

I recollect th' enchanted land,
With sweets and joys on ev'ry side,
Where music thrilled and soft airs fanned,
Where everything was glorified,
Arcady, O Arcady!

But that—ah, that was long ago!
Still plainly now can I recall
Thy beauty in its sheen and glow,
Thy mem'ries yet my soul enthrall,
Arcady, O Arcady!

The sun has never shone so bright
As in thy careless, fair domain;
The moon ne'er pours such mellow light,
Nor ever falls such pleasant rain,
Arcady, O Arcady!

No flowers ever smell as sweet
As those that grew thy fields among;
No waters murmur at my feet
The songs they sang when I was young,
Arcady, O Arcady!

There once again I'd fain abide,
I search for it on every hand;
But though I seek it far and wide,
I can not find th' enchanted land,
Arcady, O Arcady

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

Noted People.

William Black, the novelist, is making a study of Mary Anderson for his next story.

John Wanamaker is said to carry the heaviest life insurance in the United States. It amounts to $1,200,000.

Oliver Wendell Holmes recently remarked that death bears as pleasing a face to an old man as sleep to one who is tired.

Edward Bellamy, the novelist, is described as a slender, rather good-looking man, whose appearance does not suggest anything "literary."

Lord Tennyson has fully recovered his health at Haslemere. He is looking forward to the criticisms on his forthcoming poems with all the ardor of youth.

Rosa Bonheur, who is over 70 years of age, is making studies of Buffalo Bill's Indians and ponies for a large painting. Parisian art is willing to give the wild west a show.

Amy Levy, the young English girl who attained literary fame not long ago by the publication of a volume of poems and a novel, has recently died at the age of 23. She was a daughter of one of the proprietors of the London *Telegraph*.

George William Curtis is a determined-looking, concentrated mannered, polished-spoken man with the clean-shaven upper lip and iron grey side whisker of the proverbial English barrister. He is above society, and is six and sixty less five months. He affects Staten Island and a *pince nez* and he once preached a sermon.

Princess Louise had intended to pass the autumn abroad, but the Queen, who exercises a despotism over her family, interfered with her daughter's projects of travel, for even after a Darby and Joan month at Osborne Cottage, the Princess was not allowed to quit the country, but has been ordered to take up her abode for a time at Balmoral.

The papers have been announcing that the Emperor William gave a present of £2,000 to Colonel Kuester, "the inventor of the new smokeless powder." Colonel Kuester is the director of the Spandau Powder Factory, and he merely directed the experiments with the smokeless powder, which was invented by Carl Falkenstein, a chemist at Vienna.

Lady Randolph Churchill, who was Miss Jennie Jerome of New York, has, under the signature of Jennie S. Churchill, recently published a very interesting account of a trip to Russia. She has become thoroughly identified with her husband's country and politics, and was the founder of the Primrose League, named in honor of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, although it is now denied that the primrose was his favorite flower.

No man of letters works harder than Mr. Walter Besant, the novelist. He is at his desk at eight every morning and writes steadily till lunch. In the afternoon he generally goes for a stroll, and after dinner takes another trick at the wheel. Mr. Besant, like Anthony Trollope, is no believer in waits for inspiration. He turns out his "copy" with marvelous regularity. He is quite a Socialist in his views, yet he gets fancy prices for his books, and he has lately raised a considerable row because some one was selling his autograph without permission from head-quarters.

Gounod, the veteran composer of Faust, is a sympathetic mannered man of a sentimental turn of mind, with the softest of smiling blue eyes, and a full beard of old gold streaked with grey. He is given to posing on occasion and there is just the slightest touch of affectation in his manner, but this soon disappears on acquaintance, and he has a great horror of anything cold and stiff. He is always lively and generally full of new ideas and he is fond of indulging in metaphors. Despite his intense religiousness, he is not a profound thinker, yet he wears a seal-skin cap and a fur collar. He is seventy-one and France is, as she ought to be, proud of him.

Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, is organizing a society for the preaching of the advantages of poverty, and, oddly enough, he has received an offer of support from the richest man in all Holy Russia—Prince Yousoupoff. Yousoupoff is, however, as mean as he is rich, and counts every kopeck that he is forced to disburse. None of his servants can stay with him long, simply because they do not get enough to eat, but as the Prince himself thinks a piece of cold fish and a slice of dry brown bread a repast worthy of Lucullus, his domestics can hardly look upon themselves as ill-used, and so their only remedy is departure.

Lady Colin Campbell, whose much talked of novel "Darrell Blake" is recently published, is an old hand at journalism, and has often enlivened the columns of the *Saturday Review* with her pen, but she has now transferred her services to Mr. Edmund Yates' journal, to which she contributes under the *nom de plume* of "Vera" something or other with a Russian smell about it. Her book is dedicated to "My Inexorable Critic," who is presumably "Atlas." Lady Colin lives in a flat in Carlisle Mansions, close to Victoria station, and is a neighbor of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who abides in the same block of model dwellings.

At the banquet given by King Oscar of Sweden to the foreign members of the Orientalist Congress which is being held at Stockholm, a perfectly unique *menu* was provided. It was entirely the work of the Orientalists themselves. Count Landberg begins by a song in Cairo-Arabic in praise of the first dish. Professor Schlegel lauds the soup in Chinese; the *risoles a la Russe* are accompanied by a eulogy in the language of the Jecz; Professor Max Muller writes of the excellence of the salmon in Sanscrit; and the merits of the various *entrements* are celebrated in the Syrian, the Hebrew, the Japanese and the Mantchurin tongues. The grace for the conclusion of the meal is written in Persian.

Adelina Patti, as is well known, is fearfully superstitious, and is a devout believer in the Jectatore, or evil eye. She will not sing where there is a cross-eyed conductor and always wears a bracelet or necklace of coral to counteract the malignant influence which darts from the eye-balls of certain evil-minded people in the audience. She asserts that Offenbach, who possessed the evil eye, brought ill-luck with him wherever he went; that he passed through the Rue Lepeletier the night the old Opera House was destroyed by fire, when poor Emma Livry was burnt alive in the only ballet Offenbach ever had represented at the Opera; and that Mdme. Berthelier died while playing in the Vie Parisienne, for which he wrote the score. On the other hand she declares that when a cat, and particularly a black tom cat, comes of its own accord with tail erect purring upon the stage, that it is a good sign. She also believes that it is very unlucky to catch sight of a hunch-back and not touch his hump. The diva will in fact go out of her way and dodge after one a mile to get a chance to do so, as if by accident and without being seen.

Princess Victoria of Prussia has, it seems, taken up the pastime of driving horses and carriages as a means of banishing the humiliating thought of the perfidious Battenberg, and her efforts in this direction have met with considerable success. During the past season quite one of the sights of Homburg has been the Princess's figure perched up on a smart trap which rattled away over the stones as merrily as if the road was built of the latest invention in wood-pavement. Princess Victoria, moreover, is an ambitious young woman, and is not content with driving the dog-cart, pony-trap, or even the phaeton, which satisfies most ladies. She aspires to the honors of the box of a four-in-hand, and has expressed decided views of the subject of tandems. The former she can drive with great ease and dash, and frequently astonishes the whole of Homburg by swooping down the Louisen Strasse with her highly-mettled team well in hand, and all the family perched up behind her. The Empress Frederick does not altogether approve of these developments, for though she used to be a daring horse-woman herself but a few years ago, and would ride at the head of her regiment at full galop on a review day, the events of the last two years have very much shaken her nerves, and she now has tremors which a few years ago she would have laughed to scorn.

Youth.

For Saturday Night.

Where'er she came, the day grew mild
And music filled the brooding air;
Her steps were on the paths of dawn
And evening's clouds she fashioned fair.

But now for years we've wandered wide,
Her beauty in the distance gleams
And I no more can come to her,
And she but comes to me in dreams.

MERRONNE.

Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—It does seem to me as if the world had gone crazy over black. I read the other day that the Parisian ladies wore black hats to such an extent that the English and Canadian girls were actually stared at on account of their flower-trimmed and gaudy-colored head-gear. It occurred to me that the French women would have had a great deal of staring matter had they been in Canada.

About mantles—and if this weather continues we shall be considering heavy cloaks and furs to the extent of purchase—I am rather glad that long coats will be worn, for they certainly do protect one's dresses in stormy weather. They are hard to walk in, of course, but on the whole are, I think, more comfortable than the short ones.

Velvet ribbon is to be used extensively for dress trimming, and its soft deep-colored surface will add very materially to the beauty and newness of fall gowns.

How do you mark your handkerchiefs, Mollie? Do you know that I have not the least sympathy for any one who loses them if they are not marked? It takes such a little time to write one's name on handkerchiefs, collars and cuffs that there seems to be no excuse for neglecting to do it. An embroidered initial is pretty and dainty of course, but one letter or even a monogram does not insure a wanderer's return, while the full name often does. I must confess I like nice handkerchiefs and plenty of them, and it annoys me to lose them.

The other day I saw such a cunning little affair tacked under a picture. A many-twigged branch held on its longest, and I presume strongest, twig three sad-eyed owls, in three different sizes. A bow of yellow ribbon bore their sentiments, "What care we for wind or weather, so that we three are together." The lettering was in black ink, fancifully executed; and the quaint little device had a marvellous effect in brightening up a corner.

A key rack which I consider a little less common than most kinds is in the shape of a shield, covered with steel satin. Instead of hooks, get small brass nails and hammer in here and there; hanging it with a yellow ribbon, which ends on one side in a fluffy bow with fringed ends.

Duchesse satin seems to have found favor for handsome dresses, and in combination with the brocades woven to match, it is certainly very beautiful. It seems as if a dress were not a dress this year if it be not combined with a fancy material, which in one of its colors or shades matches the plain.

Dear to the heart of womankind is a knock-about dress. I mean one of strong material; in color as near as possible that of the mud in the streets; as to length—decidedly short; as to trimming—very little or none at all.

That is the kind of a dress one loves to think about in the morning when the drip, drop, patter, splash of the rain drops assures the listener that the crossings will be muddy and the pavements, oh so sticky. With a dress so utterly impervious to the weather's frowns, a hat that will not be ruined should a chance drop from an umbrella or a treacherous downpour from a roof descend upon it, a pair of rubbers which stay on at the heels, a light umbrella, a pair of rainy day gloves and no bangs, I fancy one could almost smile on a wet day. And, Mollie, between you and me, women usually look thoroughly disgusted with the world in general, and the rain in particular, as they tiptoe across the streets with three inches of mud on the back drapery of their dresses. Dresses should be shorter, of course, but we foolishly wore them long because Dame Fashion said so, and now that she graciously permits us to have a dress that will escape the ground for street wear, we revel in the anticipation of future bliss, and wonder why on earth we never thought of it before.

Murray's fall opening disclosed to all who chose to learn it, the great secret—What is fashionable?

In dress goods, combinations are the rule, though, of course, meltons for heavy dresses are in plain colors. I noticed some very pretty tweeds—German goods—in two-color, or two-shade plaids. They were in blue, brown, gray, and scarlet, with a lighter shade of white forming the design.

A German serge of dark green had a combination pattern to match it. The ground was the exact shade of the plain goods, and an odd design, showing shades of green, a little black and a dash of scarlet made it peculiarly attractive. Green, brown, blue and gray serges and costume cloths are various in shade and texture, and every weather and every complexion can be suited.

The satins are especially attractive, the combinations, as in the woolen goods, forming a new feature.

Green, in reseda and sage, blue, in electric and sky, pink, seal and golden brown, steel gray, cream and white, were all there, and accompanying each piece was a brocade in raised velvet flowers, so clearly cut, so perfect in design, that applique work was suggested to the mind. A handsome yellow duchess satin has an embossed pattern in white. The design is odd and can scarcely fail to prove attractive.

In white, the gold and silver brocades are the handsomest goods shown, and standing as I stood to watch a ray of sunlight bring the sheen and glisten into full play, one realizes that in the gaslight it will be very beautiful.

A royale silk in brown with brocaded pattern to accompany it, looked demurely sober among the brighter colors, but its very simplicity caused it to be admired.

Many of the bonnets are dainty in design, rather small in size and trimmed in various ways with ribbon, velvet, gold braid, birds' tips and wings, prove very elegant and becoming headgear. Hats are bewitchingly indented, quite large and plentifully trimmed with soft folds, and long curling feathers. In among the dress goods one finds all popular shades of popular colors.

Mantles are long and short, many heavily trimmed with fur, nearly all braided more or less.

Long cloaks for carriage wear or extra wraps are in dark colors and black, lined, bound or trimmed with fur.

Yours sincerely,
CLIP CAREW.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, September 30, 1889.

Sauntering about the lobbies and parlors of the Arlington and Normandie, and strolling through the streets of Washington yesterday were a number of distinguished-looking men, with that indescribable air about them which at once stamped them as foreigners, and visitors to the city. They were the newly-arrived delegates to the Three Americas' Congress, and they were busily discussing the prospects of the success of the Congress. While all of the delegates are not yet in Washington, they have all, with the exception of Senor Alphonso, the Chilian representative arrived in America. Most of the delegates are diplomats of prominence, having passed the greater portion of their lives in the diplomatic service of their respective countries. Many of them have attended notable international conferences, and are peculiarly fitted for the present duty. When the Congress is called to order Wednesday morning, and has proceeded to the State Department, and presented credentials to Secretary Blaine, the delegates will be presented to President Harrison, and a formal invitation will be extended by one of the United States commissioners to make a tour of the principal cities of the United States. There is no question as to the acceptance of the invitation. The train which will bear the delegates is believed to be, in its appointments and in the arrangement for its journey, without precedent in the history of railroading. Congress appropriated $125,000 for the expenses of the convention. Under this authority, and as preliminary to the convention, the State Department organized this tour of the commercial and manufacturing cities of the United States, with the prime object of showing the visitors the great natural resources of the country. The amount of labor required to bring this about will be appreciated when it is known that in its forty-two days' journeying the train will pass over the main lines of thirty different railway corporations, passing through the states of Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri and Kentucky—twenty in all.

"What's good enough for William Whitney is good enough for me," is the remark which Secretary Tracy made to a friend of ex-Secretary Whitney when they were discussing the affairs of the Navy Department recently. Secretary Tracy, energetic and independent as he is, has had the wisdom to see that he could do no better than follow up Secretary Whitney's plans for the building up of the American navy. The relations between the two men are most cordial. If Mr. Whitney wants anything at the Navy Department he knows that he can get it. He sent his secretary all the way from New York to Washington to secure the reinstatement of a young man who had been removed at the navy yard early in Mr. Tracy's administration, and an order was promptly issued putting the young man back in his place, and there he is likely to remain as long as Mr. Tracy is at the head of the Navy Department.

Although it will take time to work out the exact horse-power developed on the Baltimore's trial run, her triumph in speed is already assured. One remarkable thing about our new steel cruisers is that nearly all of them have equalled or beaten the speed looked for, even in the cases where they did not reach the contract engine power. It was so with the Atlanta and Boston, which had been set down as 14-knot vessels, and made over 15½ on trial, the Atlanta keeping that rate up for six hours. Yet she has fallen a little short of her guaranteed horse-power, although the Boston went considerably ahead of it. The Charleston also fell about three hundred short of her contract horse power, yet maintained a continuous speed by log of fully 18 knots for four hours. The Vesuvius was expected to go 20 knots, but made a great advance upon that. The Dolphin and the Chicago each made 15½ knots, which was much more than had been expected of them. The Petrel did not quite come up to her contract horse-power, designed to yield 13 knots, but the Yorktown surpassed her guaranteed power and equalled her expected 16 knots.

Washington is to have a procession and a crowd of visitors of inaugural proportions next month. Banners bearing the legends *In Hoc Signo Vinces, Magna Est Veritas et Prevalebit*, will be as numerous on Pennsylvania avenue as were the national colors at the recent inaugural ceremonies, and for the time being the Capital of the Nation will be turned completely over to the Knights Templar who will be here 30,000 strong for their Triennial Conclave. Residents along the line of march will duplicate the decorations of inauguration. The capacity of Washingtonians as entertainers will be put to a fresh test. Not only is the event worthy of the heartiest hospitality, but preliminary discovery will be made of what the capital can do in the handling of such crowds as will accompany the world's fair in 1892.

The autograph fiend of the future will bid high for Private Dalzell's portfolio of letters from distinguished men.

L.

How Do You Register?

The hotel clerk had just concluded an extended consultation with the proprietor. They had definitely determined that the new addition to the hotel for the accommodation of the World's Fair visitors should contain 3,500 rooms. For some reason this made the clerk cheerfully loquacious. He actually beamed on a newly arrived and just registering guest, he felt so happy.

"Front! Show this gentleman to room 591. Yes, sir, there's a bath."

Now, I had noticed that the clerk assigned the guest to room 591 (which had a bathroom attached) before the aforesaid guest had said a word as to the desirability of that very excellent addition to the guest chamber. I presumed that the newcomer was known to the clerk, who possibly was familiar with the guest's predisposition to personal cleanliness, and I asked him if that was the case.

"No," replied the clerk affably; hotel clerks are always affable. "I never saw the man before, but I knew from the manner in which he registered that he wanted all the conveniences the hotel affords."

"Knew from the way he registered!" I repeated in surprise.

"Yes, I very seldom fail to size a man up from the way he handles the register. One half a hotel clerk's value consists of his memory for faces and the names that go with them. The other half is his ability to read the desires of a stranger guest from his outward indications as he spreads his signature over the register. Of course, sometimes I get left, but not often."

"Won't you put me on?" This, from me, anxious for information regarding a new feature of character reading.

"Why, certainly; it's no secret. Take, for instance, the newly married young husband as the easiest example. His lunch is the simplest. I can always locate him from the nervous way in which he adds 'And wife' to his name, even if his blushes didn't disclose his newness in the role of Benedict. But it won't do to let him know you are dead onto him. Oh, no! Instead of that I lead him to believe that I am laboring under a delusion that he's the father of a large and constantly increasing family. That style of treatment just tickles him nearly to death. And I don't say a word about the bridal chamber, but he gets it just the same.

"One of the oddest characters we have to deal with is the choleric old gentleman who won't register until he knows just where his room is, how it fronts, and where the fire escape is, how much we're going to charge him per diem, and if the bed has been aired. A kicker? Why, he's a walking expostulation. Yet that type of man usually ends by taking the very best in the house and paying his bill without a murmur. There are lots worse than he if you only work him right.

"There is the man, too, who before he registers, looks all over the names and addresses on the register for a week back and yet never seems to know a soul in the house. I generally assign him a cheap room, and if he gets away without paying it's not our fault. As for the traveling man and the theatrical advance agent, it's no trick to pipe them off. The twelve-year-old bell boys can do that before they get into the door. But there are different species of those classes, and it requires an expert to decide in advance just what they want. Generally I gauge them by the size of their signatures, on the basis that the larger the signature, the smaller the room.

"As a rule the man with the megatherian autograph is generous only with writing ink. Again, I find that the more airs a man puts on before the hotel register the more apt he is to be satisfied with a roof parlor and one towel.

"Once in a while we have a queerer character even than usual to deal with. Only yesterday a fine-looking man, whom I afterward found to be a distinguished scientist, couldn't for the life of him think of his own name when he came to sign it on the register. The general run of queer customers comes from the agricultural districts. A big city hotel is a revelation and a terror to him. Everything in and about a first-class caravansary surprises and scares him—everything except the dining-room; there he is very much, too much, at home. Even the first act of signing the register is a serious, an awful thing to him. To him the signing of his name, besides being an act of mental and physical difficulty, is, in his mind, ever connected with judgment notes, mortgages, lawsuits, and foreclosures.

"The meekest and easiest to satisfy of all whom a hotel clerk meets is the typical Western cowboy. The tougher he is on the plains the meeker he is here. The muzzle of a loaded Colt placed against his temple wouldn't make him turn half so pale as the sight of pen and ink thrust toward him. He is out of his element then and he appreciates it without the slightest effort at disguise."—*Chicago Herald.*

The Sweetest Proposal.

"The sweetest proposal ever dreamed of," said Eli Perkins, "I think is from Austin Dobson."

"May I call you Paula?" he asked modestly.

"Yes," she said, faintly.

"Dear Paula—may I call you that?"

"I suppose so."

"Do you know I love you?"

"Yes."

"And shall I love you always?"

"If you wish to."

"And will you love me?"

Paula did not reply.

"Will you, Paula?" he repeated.

"You may love me," she said again.

"But don't you love me in return?"

"I love you to love me."

"Won't you say anything more explicit?"

"I would rather not."

They were married and happy within three months.

Cracks in Pretty Woman's Lips.

Early in the autumn the winds cause fissures or cracks in the lips that are not only extremely unpleasant to look upon, but are exquisitely painful, and by touching them with your tongue you intensify the pain very much. Go to the drug shop and get there an old remedy, so old that it has the charm of novelty. It rejoices in an overpowering Latin name, but when you ask the druggist for it in English, say you want citron cream; apply this with your fingers, or a soft linen cloth, and the cooling and healing result that will follow will convince you that even in medicine sometimes old things are best.

Was it in the Right Position Then?

He—I am glad, Joey, that you wear your hat so far back upon your head.

She—Why?

He (daringly)—Because when I want to steal a kiss I can find your mouth all the more easily.

She (a little later)—Do you think that my hat is in the right position now?

Artificial Revenge.

Mr. Mokelv—Got dat shoe on dar fer luck, Encs?
Mr. Slab—Nop; y; got him on dar fer Sam Owens. His muel dore k'cked me, an' I cain affoh d t' keep one.—*Puck.*

An Apposition of Sizes.

Stranger—Any chance ter sell yer some number one poetry, boss?

Editor of the *Family Brewer*—Py chim! dot vos too mooch! Who let dot feller climb up on dot partitions yoost now?—*Judge.*

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

The sound of wheels rapidly approaching the house and stopping suddenly before it was audible in the library. Mr. Cameron started as he heard it, and, after a momentary nervous hesitation—a very unusual thing in Philip Cameron—he went to the door of the room and opened it just as Hugh was divesting himself of his light dust-coat and giving it to the footman who had admitted him. A minute later the father and son met with a cordial handclasp, although outwardly their meeting was as undemonstrative as that of strangers between two modern Britons generally is.

"Train a little late?" inquired Mr. Cameron, as they entered the library together.

"Forty minutes, sir! Very sorry that it has made me late for my appointment with you. I hope it will not cause you any inconvenience?"

Hugh was pulling off his gloves as he spoke; he looked rather dusty and travel stained after his journey, and there was a troubled expression in his eyes.

"Not at all, Hugh!" answered Mr. Cameron quietly. "I wanted a few words with you. You have been so much occupied lately, I've went on, smiling as he looked up at his son, who was sitting on one corner of the writing-table, "and my own time has been so filled up, that we seem to have scarcely had little of each other. Stanley is well, I hope?"

"Quite well. She sent all kinds of messages, sir."

"I hope one was not to the effect that she will not forgive me for taking you away for a day or so?" said Mr. Cameron. "Is there a pleasant party at Comberemere?"

"Very pleasant!"—"And birds plentiful?"

"Not so plentiful as they were," Hugh replied, laughing; then, relapsing into his tone, he added, "There is nothing wrong, I hope, sir?"

"Nothing! I trust nothing in my manner led you to imagine there was?"

"My mother is well?"

"She was fairly well on Thursday when I left Brancepeth," Mr. Cameron answered. "She has found the excessive heat rather trying."

"And auntie Nest?"—"Is quite well."

"That's all right," said Hugh, in a tone of satisfaction; then, after a moment's hesitation, he went on, "Do you know, I sometimes think my mother is not quite pleased at my engagement!"

"You are mistaken" replied his father quickly. "She speaks in the warmest terms of Stanley."

"And yet I have a strong but not very definable feeling that the engagement does not meet with her approval."

There was a short silence. Philip Cameron glanced from the young man's handsome rather downcast face to the same face as it had looked in its bright childhood smiling on his mother's shoulder. It had been a striking face then; it was unusually handsome now—brave, earnest, tender, with his father's expressive dark eyes. He was taller and broader than his father; but he moved with perfect grace, and was a fine specimen of the best type of Englishman—a man of power and truth and gentleness. His father had these great gifts also; but in him they were united to an even greater softness of manner inherited from his foreign mother.

"I think you do not make sufficient allowance, Hugh," said Mr. Cameron. "Your mother is perhaps a little jealous that she has lost the first place in her son's heart. It is a natural feeling in these early days, lad! You are her only son, you know, and she has given you all the devotion which your brothers and sisters, had you possessed any, would have shared; and you have been more to her than many only sons have been to mothers whom they dearly love. Her delicate health, which has demanded so much tenderness from you, her rather solitary life, which your devotion has brightened, have made her all the more sensitive to the thought that another reigns where she was once supreme. It is a usual and natural feeling, Hugh; it need arouse no anxiety in your mind. Ask Nest if she had not something of it when I fell in love with your mother."

"You were her all, sir. My mother has her husband."

"Of whom she has not seen as much as he would like lately," Mr. Cameron answered, with a sigh. "But Nest has a lover then, Hugh; she refused to marry him and leave me alone; and she felt the same little jealous pang from which Lady Sara is suffering now. It will pass as Nest's did, though not like Nest's, I hope, deadened by a deeper anguish."

"What was that, sir?" asked Hugh Cameron eagerly.

"The death of the man she loved. He was killed accidentally by a fall when climbing in the Alps. Did your mother never tell you that, Hugh?"

"Never, sir! I was under the impression that my aunt had remained single because of her devotion to you and my mother."

"She has been indeed a devoted friend to us, Hugh; but, had it not been for that slip on the Simplon, she would have been a happy wife, and I have not met to talk of that. Have I satisfied you that your mother's feeling is a natural one? Shall I tell you that there is no girl in the world whom she would prefer to Stanley Geraint for her son's wife? She has said so; and, if anything in her manner leads you to think otherwise, put it down, Hugh, to her health and her anxiety for your happiness. I think," he continued, smiling faintly, "that at first she was also a little anxious about Sir Humphrey's connection. Town and Vanity, lad! for their family is an old and a very proud one; and we are in business, you know. I confess that I myself had a *mauvais quart d'heure* in my anxiety for my son's happiness, and in my desire that he should win so sweet a wife."

Hugh Cameron drew himself up haughtily.

"I fail to see any reason for your misgiving, sir," he said quietly.

"There was none, as events have proved," his father answered; "but I was anxious nevertheless. Sir Humphrey is a very proud man, his family annals are stainless, and he is deeply imbued with the principle *noblesse oblige*. I had a slight fear that perhaps that principle would make him wish Stanley to marry a man of rank and title, her own fortune rendering any pecuniary consideration unnecessary. But I was mistaken, I am glad to say."

There was a short silence. Mr. Cameron was searching among his papers; his son sat motionless, and apparently so absorbed in thought that he started slightly when his father threw a letter across the writing-table.

"Read that, Hugh," said Mr. Cameron; and, as the young man obeyed, he looked at him keenly, his own face darkening as if with painful thought as Hugh's brightened and flushed with pleasure.

"You will accept, sir, of course?" the young man cried eagerly, looking up with sparkling eyes at the conclusion of the letter.

"I have refused," replied Mr. Cameron.

"Refused!" echoed his son incredulously, the light fading from his face as he looked at his father, who sat grave and pale, his eyes fixed upon his papers. "Refused! But for what reason?"

Philip Cameron hesitated for a few moments before he answered; an old wound, roughly torn open, was bleeding now, and it was difficult to conceal all signs of suffering.

"Oh, I have many reasons!" he said quietly. "You know I have always despised mushroom titles."

"But all titles must have a beginning," Hugh demurred, looking again at the letter which he still held; "and the terms in which this one is offered you are most flattering. Father, surely you will not refuse!" he added earnestly. "Oh, believe me, I am not thinking of myself—my doubts is for you!"

"I am sure of that, Hugh; but"—he looked up at his son with frank sorrowful eyes—"I have been thinking of you, and I have decided to refuse."

"On my account? Why?"

"I think you will have to trust me, Hugh," replied Mr. Cameron. "I do not doubt your affection for me; you will not doubt mine for you. I have a reason—a good one, but one which I cannot impart to you—for my refusal; and I sent for you this morning to tell you this, and to ask you to believe that I am acting for the best. I think you would be none the happier for having the prefix to your name; and, as you know, Sir Humphrey wishes on your marriage that you should add his name to yours."

There was so much quiet determination in his father's tone that Hugh felt that his resolution was fixed and unalterable. He rose hastily and began to pace the room, not with slow, regular steps, as his father had done, but hastily, as if in some perturbation. He was puzzled, bewildered, and troubled. What reason could his father have for refusing a title offered to him in consideration of his political services and of his commercial importance? He was so wealthy that it could be no question of money which actuated him. The honor was a well-merited one, as all would agree. What reason could be important enough to necessitate a refusal? He could understand easily that a proud man would refuse a distinction which he felt he had not earned; but his father had rendered many important services to his party, and such an honor could not have been unexpected.

Mr. Cameron sat, grave and composed, sorting his papers, showing no sign of discomfiture; but a very close observer would have detected the expression of pain in his dark eyes.

Presently Hugh ceased his perambulations, and, drawing a chair close to the writing-table, sat down.

"Have you quite decided, sir?" he asked quietly. "Have you given the matter the consideration it deserves? Even in these days of mushroom titles given in a somewhat indiscriminate manner, the honor offered to you is no insignificant one. The refusal may cause displeasure."

"I must risk that, Hugh. I have quite made up my mind. I am sorry if my decision is a disappointment to you; but you must trust me a distinction for yourself if you are ambitious of it. You must endeavor to trust me in this, my son. I am acting for you in the only way possible to me in the matter."

"Then, however deep my regret, I can say no more," said Hugh. "I can only acquiesce in your decision."

"Thank you, my boy," replied Mr. Cameron, holding out his hand. "I am glad that you can trust me."

"It would be strange if I could not," the young man answered, smiling; but the smile was a mirthless one and his face was very pale.

Mr. Cameron then began to talk in his ordinary manner of things of general interest; but Hugh's emotion was not so well under control, and it evidently cost him an effort to keep his thoughts from wandering.

"You will dine with me, Hugh?" asked his father. "Or are you going back North this afternoon? It will be a wearisome journey."

"I was thinking of going down to Brancepeth," said Hugh, with some hesitation.

"Your mother and aunt will be delighted! And you return to Comberemere to-morrow? I think not, sir. If my mother will have me, I will remain at Brancepeth until Stanley returns. I do not care to return to Comberemere, and can easily excuse myself to Lady Hartop."

"And to Stanley?" amended his father, with a twinkling smile.

"And to Stanley. She will readily understand," returned Hugh.

"Stanley is always charming! Indeed we owe Nest a debt of gratitude for giving us so sweet a daughter! I was afraid at one time that you had fixed your thoughts elsewhere. By-the-bye," he went on, without noticing the burning flush which rose to his son's brown cheeks, "I was just going to suggest that you say nothing to your mother about this offer of a baronetcy, Hugh. It might distress—I mean, it might annoy her."

Hugh hesitated.

"I was hoping that my mother's influence," he began, looking rather confused.

A sorrowful smile parted his father's lips.

"You thought to enlist your mother's influence against me?" he said quietly. "You would have failed, Hugh. Lady Sara would agree with me, I know. She will understand; but, all the same, I should prefer that you did not mention the matter to her—indeed there is no need to mention it to any one. If the papers speak of the offer and our friends and acquaintances find that I am still Philip Cameron, it will be taken for granted that it was a canard and that there was no foundation for the report; and, as your mother rarely reads the newspapers, there is little or no chance of her hearing of it."

"She will not hear of it from me," observed Hugh quietly, as he rose.

"Are you going?" asked Mr. Cameron, rising also. "I shall see you at Brancepeth to-morrow then. I wish I could go down with you now," he added rather wearily; "but I have a dinner-engagement which I cannot throw over. Lord Ste. Clements and three or four others are to dine here."

"A political banquet!" exclaimed Hugh, laughing. "I am glad I did not accept your invitation, sir!"

"Are you? You young fellows are too go-ahead for us sober middle-aged folks," answered Philip Cameron, smiling. "I hope to see you in Parliament some fine day, Hugh. Stanley and I must see about it."

"In what interest?" inquired Hugh. "Stanley is as ardent a Radical as Sir Humphrey is Tory: while you, sir, are a steady-going Liberal; and my own political opinions are rather mixed."

"So are most people s," said the elder man, with a sigh, as he held out his hand. "Good-bye, Hugh!" Then he added gently, "Forgive me, my boy!"

"My dear father!" exclaimed Hugh, in a tone of indignant protest as their eyes met.

In that frank steady gaze of perfect trust and affection Mr. Cameron's face lost some of its sadness; but as the door closed after the young man, he walked back slowly to the writing-table and sat down rather wearily before it. His face seemed suddenly to have grown old and haggard.

"My boy," he murmured brokenly—"my son!"

CHAPTER X.

Brancepeth was a pretty old Elizabethan house standing in not very extensive but well-kept grounds. At first sight Lady Sara Cameron had been charmed by the picturesqueness of its warm red-brick and ivy-mantled chimney-stacks; the doors had remained open in sunny sheltered position as admirably suited to an invalid, and Lady Sara had begun to hope that they might be induced to allow her to remain there during the winter instead of sending her away on those pilgrimages to the Riviera of which she was so weary; for she had grown to like the charming old rooms and pretty grounds and the pleasant drives with which the neighborhood abounded.

Without having any very serious illness, without indeed having any malady to which the doctors could give a name, Lady Sara Cameron was an invalid. For some years after her marriage she had enjoyed vigorous health, and had entered thoroughly into the gaieties to which her own rank and her husband's fortune entitled her. Then suddenly and unaccountably—at least to the outside world—her health had failed, she had given up society and went nowhere, saw only a few of her most intimate friends, and led the life of an invalid, spending most of her winters abroad. People wondered; for she had been a beauty and a woman of fashion, and her sudden disappearance from the circle in which she had shone as a bright particular star had caused much comment. Her manner was considered a splendid one; for Lord Carew, "belted earl" though he was, was as poor as the proverbial church mouse. His eldest daughter had been considered fortunate in securing a wealthy husband in the person of Mr. Ashton, the eminent solicitor; but how much more was Lady Sara to be congratulated when she married off the "eligible" of the season, the handsome and talented millionaire, Philip Cameron, who added to the solid attractions of his great wealth the less indispensable one of a singularly attractive person!

It was said, people said, that possessed of every other blessing as she was, she should be deprived of the greatest of all—health; but it was very strange that Miss Cameron should also deem it necessary to give up society and devote herself so completely to her sister-in-law. Miss Cameron had created quite a *furore* in society when she had made her *debut* a few years after her brother's marriage. For one or two seasons she had been feted, admired, and sought after; then too she had disappeared from the world, and people very rarely was to be seen at some high class concert or musical entertainment, where her serene beautiful face with its sad dark eyes attracted much admiration.

Hugh had telegraphed to London for a dogcart to meet him at the station, and the pleasant twilight of the summer evening lingered as he drove through the pretty country lanes towards Brancepeth. He could see between the branches of the tall trees the chimney stacks of Eyncourt as he drove, and he was conscious of a strong wish that Stanley were there and that he could go to her to be soothed after the rather troubled interview he had had with his father. It had left him puzzled, perturbed; he could not wrench his thoughts from it; and the more he reflected the more bewildered he became—the less was he able to understand his father's refusal of the honor offered to him.

He had not noticed anything unusual in his father's manner at the time; but now he remembered, or thought he remembered, that he was strangely quiet and subdued—that he seemed to regret the refusal although he appeared so indifferent. What could there be in Philip Cameron's past life to necessitate his declining such an honor as the Baronetcy offered to him? He had lived most of his life before the public, as a man of his wealth and position must do, and no shadow had ever fallen upon his reputation. No, there could be nothing in his past to force such an action from him; he could have no other reason save the one he had given—a dislike to and contempt for mushroom titles. But that enigmatical sentence, "I have been thinking of you, and I have decided to refuse"—what was the meaning of it? There were a decidedly troubled look and a puzzled frown on the young man's handsome face as he drove round to the stables at Brancepeth instead of to the front entrance. He did not wish to see his mother just then, and he loitered for some time talking to the head coachman.

He entered the house at last by one of the side-doors, passing through a long panelled corridor into the entrance-hall, which was a wainscoted and panelled apartment with high windows filled in with small panes of stained glass. The light was dim there, and the hall full of the scent of the flowers which filled the old-fashioned bowls and vases. A servant lounging near the hearth, which was filled with ferns and flowers, drew himself up at Hugh's appearance and advanced towards him.

"Her ladyship and Miss Cameron are on the terrace, sir," he said. "Her ladyship begged that you would join them there."

Hugh nodded and went through the hall into Lady Sara's favorite sitting-room, which opened on to the terrace.

The light of the setting sun shone full upon the soft velvety green turf and the carved stone balustrade. The western sky was crimson and purple and gold, with here and there a touch of tender gray; the trees in the park were bathed in a golden glory, and the park itself presented such a scene of beauty that Hugh involuntarily stood still and gazed at it before going out upon the terrace. Presently he turned his eyes towards two women who stood upon the terrace with their faces towards the sunset.

The younger of the two, a beautiful dark woman, who might easily have passed for thirty years of age, although she was fully ten years older, was sitting on the stone balustrade, her hands idly crossed on her lap. The other, a tall, slender woman in a loose invalid robe of pale blue silk, stood by one of the tall stone vases full of flowers which were placed on either side of the broad white steps leading from the terrace. Her head was bent slightly forward; one hand held the edge of the stone vase, the other hung listlessly at her side. She looked very graceful and beautiful; but there was an air of sadness, even of desolation, about her.

Hugh watched her for a moment; then some slight sound he made attracted her attention, and she turned her head with a quick eager start and saw him. Miss Cameron saw him also. She rose, uttering his name in a strange voice, and came forward to meet him; but Lady Sara stood motionless, her face turned towards him in the dying light.

It was a beautiful face, with the beauty of outline which neither time nor sorrow seems able to destroy. In her bloom of youth and health Lady Sara could not have been lovlier than she was now in her middle-age, with the shadows under her violet eyes, the blue veins showing in her transparent skin.

Hugh greeted Miss Cameron fondly, nodded slightly to show her that he understood a warning glance which her dark eyes flashed upon him, and then advanced towards his mother.

"You are not so well, dear?" he said tenderly. "Father says the heat has tried you."

"You have seen your father?" she gasped breathlessly, her clasp tightening upon his arm. "He—he sent for you?"

"On business," answered Hugh cheerfully. "My long holiday is giving him a lot of extra work, mamma; but he is quite well."

"And have you nothing to tell me, Hugh?" she asked, in the same breathless manner.

Hugh's color faded. Had she already heard the news of his engagement?

"No, dear; he gave me no message. Stanley sent her love, and——Will you not come back to your chair, mother? You will tire yourself standing!"

She did not seem to hear him, although her eyes were fixed upon his face.

"Then it is not true?" she queried, trying to master her agitation.

"What is not true?" inquired the young man rather hastily. "I will bring you a chair, dear," he added, turning away and coming back the next moment with a pretty wicker-chair; but she refused it with an impatient gesture and looked at him with appealing eyes.

It was impossible not to see that she was enduring some bodily or mental anguish which she said. "He does not understand—nor indeed do I—the reason for your excitement. There is nothing wrong with Philip; and, as you will see him to-morrow, you will be able to cross-examine him to your heart's content. And now, since we two women are to have the pleasure of Hugh's company to dinner, I think we should have time to dress for the occasion."

But her words seemed to fall upon deaf ears; for Lady Sara still stood motionless, although her eyes had left her son's face and were downcast.

"I don't know what Hugh will think of such a reception," Miss Cameron continued, in a jeering tone—which Hugh did not fail to notice, although he could not understand whether it was meant for him or for Lady Sara. "He will be rather inclined to wish he had remained in town. Are you going back to Comberemere, Hugh?" she went on, turning to her nephew, in a desperate attempt to draw Lady Sara from her mother's agitation. "I understood from Stanley that her visit was to last into September."

"I am going back," Hugh answered rather absently. "The Gerants return on Saturday; so it is scarcely worth while. Stanley sends all kinds of messages, mother," he added, gently. "She says that you promised to write, and that, although Auntie Nest is the most charming of correspondents, she wants you to add news to hers."

"Oh, your mother is a terribly lazy correspondent, as you know!" said Miss Cameron gaily. "Come to us now, Sara! Hugh would like some tea perhaps."

She touched Lady Sara on the arm; but her touch was disregarded, although it seemed to rouse her ladyship, upon whose face a strange expression of desperate eagerness had appeared.

"I must know!" she muttered between her teeth. "I must know! Hugh! Ask Hugh if what Mrs. Fletcher said was true."

Miss Cameron hesitated for a moment; then she said quietly,

"Your mother has been a little upset to-day, Hugh. Mrs. Fletcher came in this afternoon and congratulated us on your father's Baronetcy. I told her that it was a mistake; but she persisted."

"How stupid of her!" Hugh rejoined carelessly, turning his eyes away from those searching eyes which were fixed upon his so appealingly. "Our worthy Rector's wife has the failing with many other people we call obstinacy, but which in ourselves we call pertinacity."

"It is not true then, Hugh?" exclaimed his mother, her hand closing over his with a strength of which her slight fingers seemed incapable.

A dark flush rose in the young man's face; a direct lie, and especially one spoken to his mother, was impossible to him. He hesitated; and that moment's hesitation told her all.

"It is true!" she cried almost wildly. "You cannot deny it, Hugh!"

"Well, dear, there is so much truth in it that my father has been offered a Baronetcy which he has declined," said Hugh reluctantly.

"He has declined?" gasped Lady Sara. "Why?"—and she fixed her eyes upon her son as though she would read his very soul.

"Simply because he does not care for mushroom titles," answered Hugh lightly.

"He does not care for mushroom titles!" she echoed, in a low voice which was terrible to hear. Miss Cameron was bending over her, whispering words which Hugh could not hear, and which his mother did not heed in her agitation. "He has a son."

"Then, if his son wants a title," said Hugh gaily, "he must earn one for himself. Mother dearest, there is nothing to distress you so terribly; you are making yourself quite ill!"

Her strength was failing her; but for Miss Cameron's arm, she would have fallen. She offered no resistance as they put her into a chair; but the awful eager look was still upon her face.

"Philip said that?" she asked hoarsely. "His son must earn one for himself because——"

"Sara," Miss Cameron interposed hurriedly, "I have heard Philip say scores of times that he did not care for a title. Why are you making a trouble of so small a matter? Hugh will begin to imagine all sorts of things which have no existence. Come—rouse yourself and return to the house! Our poor boy is famished, I am sure!"

Her eager warning tone seemed to make an impression upon the unstrung nerves of Lady Sara's senses, and the haggard eyes were turned from Hugh's face. There was a brief silence, during which Hugh stood anxious and distressed, while the pallor on his mother's face deepened until it was death like.

"Nest," she gasped, with quivering lips, "help me to my room! I—I feel faint! I can not bear the thought that—— Oh, Heaven, it is judgment—judgment—judgment!"

Her voice rose to a wail as Miss Cameron put her arms around her and drew her face down to her shoulder, hiding it there. At a sign from his aunt, Hugh, puzzled and distressed, turned away, leaving the two women alone on the terrace. As he did so the last crimson and golden clouds faded from the western sky, leaving it gray and dark.

(To be Continued.)

A Lesson In Economy.

"Maria," said Mr. Jenus, upon one of his worrying days, "it seems to me you might be more economical; now, there's my old clothes, which they sent around to give them up for the children instead of giving them away!"

"Because they're worn out when you're done with them, you stingy old Mr. Jenus. It's no use making up things for the children that won't hold together; you could not do it yourself, smart as you are."

"Well, grumbled Jenus, "I wouldn't have closets full of things mildewing for want of wear, if I was a woman, that's all. A penny saved is a penny earned."

That was in May. One cold day last week Mr. Jenus went prancing through the cupboards looking for something he couldn't find, and turning things generally inside out.

"Maria," he screamed, "where is my gray overcoat?"

"Made it up for Johnny."

"Ahem! Well, there's the old brown one I bought the year before last."

"Clothes bag!" mumbled Mrs. Jenus, who seemed to have a difficulty in her speech at that moment. "Just made it into a nice one."

"Maria" asked the astonished man in a subdued voice, "would you mind telling me what you have done with my silk hat; you haven't made that up for the baby, have you?"

"Sat down on it," answered the wife, cheerfully, "I've used that for a hanging basket. It is full of plants, and looking lovely."

Mr. Jenus not mentions the word economy, or suggests making up—he has had enough of it.

Dissatisfied.

Marseillais (at the foot of the Eiffel Tower)—Then you can see a long way from the top of that thing?

"Yes, monsieur!"

"Can you see Marseilles?"

"No."

Marseillais (with smile of contempt, and putting his money back into his pocket)—Call that a tower?

A Knowing One.

Yes, Monsieur le Maire, but if I deposit my money in the savings-bank when can I take it out again?

The Maire (affecting an air of superior knowledge)—Whenever you like. Thus, if you pay in your money to day, you may withdraw it tomorrow by giving a fortnight's notice.

Lots of People Do the Same.

Mrs. Ones—I wonder who it's from!

Mr. Ones—You can quickly find out by opening it.

Mrs. Ones—Yes; but I am enjoying the anxiety of suspense.

Besides, He Knows So Many Secrets.

"Maggie, I am in great trouble. I am engaged to two young men at the same time and the wedding day is set for both on the same date."

"Well, Lizzie, which is the best?"

"I don't know. Henry is a banker's son and Arthur is a reporter."

"Well, gentle, gracious, Lizzie, be sensible and take Arthur. He can describe the wedding in his paper."

Depths Beyond.

"Father," faltered the miserable youth, "I have a terrible confession to make. Last night I murdered a man in cold blood!"

"Alas! my son," replied the stricken parent, "this is terrible! The next thing I hear, you will be waring a high hat with a sack coat.—*Life.*

HE MARCHED WITH SHERMAN TO THE SEA;

Trudged all the way on foot, over mountain and through morass, carrying knapsack and gun, slept on brush heaps to keep out of the mud, caught cold, from the effects of which his friends thought he would never recover. Lingering with slow consumption for many years, he saw Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery advertised in a country newspaper, and he determined to try it. A few bottles worked a change; six months' continued use cured him. Always too independent to ask his country for a pension, he now says he needs none. He helped save his country, he saved himself! Consumption is Lung-scrofula. For scrofula, in all its myriad forms, the "Discovery" is an unequaled remedy. It cleanses the system of all blood-taints from whatever cause arising, and cures all Skin and Scalp Diseases, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, and kindred ailments. It is **guaranteed** to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded. Sold by druggists.

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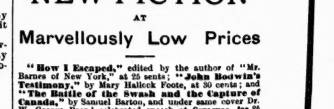

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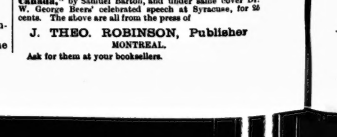

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

In the early morning of a pleasant winter day, dry, mild without rain, and sunshiny without frost, Lucille Maitland and Laurence Doyle had started together from Euston station on their way to Uxerton S ecplechase.

Lucille's new gray costume fitted her to perfection, and the silver fox fur round her throat suited her fair skin admirably. She looked extremely handsome, and was altogether a companion to be proud of; and Laurie did not fail to tell her so. They had secured a first-class compartment to themselves; and all the way down to the junction where they had to change the infatuated Laurie did not fail to avail himself of his opportunities. He made love to his companion freely and without reserve; and Lucille, though half remonstrating, half rebuking, allowed him to do pretty much as he liked.

"It is his last chance, poor boy; I may as well be kind to him," she thought; and the "kindness" consisted in allowing him to kiss her as often as he wished.

Once he tried to draw her head down on to his shoulder; but Miss Maitland would not permit that—not because the intention shocked her sense of honor or propriety, but simply because she was afraid that her becoming gray felt hat would be crushed.

When they reached the junction, all these joys came to an end. There was a crowd on the platform going to the races, and everybody made for the Uxerton train. The carriage into which Lucille and her cousin got was quickly filled; and so they devoted themselves strictly to business and to the study of their race-cards.

The Uxerton race course was prettily situated on the gentle slope of a low hill, upon the summit of which was erected a small but smartly-decorated stand. Laurie's first care was to procure a good seat in the front row for Lucille, and to provide her with race glasses and a footstool for her feet; and then he had to leave her to go and consult his jockey and his trainer, and to inspect his horse.

The ground was fast filling; waggonettes and open carriages with ladies and their attendant swains were taking up their position one after another upon the reserved space immediately opposite to the stand; and presently a regimental coach with a fine level team of serviceable bay horses came gaily into view across the grassy meadow, and attracted general attention and admiration, at the same time causing a flutter of pleasurable excitement in the feminine bosom in the grand stand. Lucille soon discovered, from the conversation of the ladies about her, who were all strangers to her, that it was considered quite the right thing to do to go and lunch upon the coach of the —th Light Dragoons, and that not to be permitted to partake of food of any kind at the expense of the hospitable and light-hearted officers of that popular regiment was looked upon as a kind of slur upon a woman's popularity and powers of attraction. She heard some of the ladies telling how they had been specially invited to lunch on the coach; other said that they had been asked to tea; whilst some, less highly favored by fortune, sat sulky and said nothing.

Miss Maitland instantly made up her mind that, stranger though she was, she would not end the day without finding herself installed upon the box seat of that regimental coach.

When Laurie came back to her, full of satisfactory news concerning Decision, she cut short his racing confidences by informing him that she desired him to get an invitation for her to lunch upon the coach of the —th Dragoons. But Laurie did not see his way to it.

"I know only one man in the ——th, Lucille—a young chap called Danman—I saw him in the paddock just now; but I can't very well ask him so early in the day. Besides, just look at the women swarming up on the coach already! Why, all the best places are taken. You would not like to be stuffed in at the back where you could see nothing?"

"And where nobody could see me. No; perhaps you are right."

"Moreover, I have just ordered a nice little hot lunch, and secured a table in the luncheon-room behind the stand. Come along, and let us have some food at once before the first race!"

Lucille graciously acceded to this proposition, and soon did ample justice to hot cutlets and a bottle of excellent champagne.

"All the same," she said to Laurie, as she beamed upon him across the little table, "I mean to be on that box-seat before the day is over! If I can see Decision run from there, I shall be satisfied."

Laurie promised to see what could be done; and, after luncheon, when they adjourned to the paddock, he managed to introduce his companion to Mr. Danman, the young subaltern in the —th, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and at whom Lucille smiled so sweetly that he lost his heart at once, and, being deeply struck with her beauty and graciousness, forthwith pressed her to go over to the coach for refreshment.

"Perhaps I will come by-and-by; but you must promise me the box-seat, she said, playfully, "or else I will not come at all!" And Mr. Danman undertook that it should be kept for her.

And now the saddling-bell rang, and the jockeys were soon mounted and trotted leisurely out of the paddock towards the course. Every one rushed back to his or her place; and Lucille, with Laurie at her side, resumed her seat in the grand stand. Laurie's horse, which had been originally entered for two races—the second and the last—had, by the advice of the knowing ones, been withdrawn from the second race in order to reserve his strength and make a certainty of the last. Laurie had therefore no anxiety on his mind during the first part of the day, and could afford to enjoy Lucille's society without an after thought.

The eager and excited crowd of faces on either side of the course, the gay colors of the jockeys, and the sleek coats of the horses as they shot by made up a very charming and lively picture. Lucille and Laurie exchanged little friendly bets with each other—which Lucille generally won—between every race. They went into the paddock, inspected the latest winner, and walked scrutinisingly round the prospective favorite. Laurie frequently nodded to some friend or acquaintance, who looked admiringly and a little curiously at his beautiful companion; but Lucille thought it fortunate that she did not happen to know anybody.

At last she became anxious to secure the much-envied place upon the regimental coach upon which she had set her heart. Laurie, who was backing his own horse somewhat heavily for the last race, had gone into the ring; and, when he returned to his seat in the stand, Lucille said to him—

"Now take me over to that coach, Laurie. If I get up there, you will be able to leave me and attend to your betting; and I shall not mind your going away."

"I was just going to tell you," answered the young man seriously, "that I really think you had better not go across to the coach. I find that there is a man here called Hepburn who is a great friend of Deverell's. I met him in the betting-ring a moment ago, and he asked me if I had seen Deverell lately, and when he was going to be married. Does he know you by sight?"

"I was introduced to Colonel Hepburn a long time ago—I dare say he will not recollect me. I think I will risk it."

"I think you had better not. He is staying as a guest with the regiment. He is certain to see you if you are in such a conspicuous place.

"What a coward you are, Laurie! I am not going to stick to this stupid stand all day, where I am lost in a crowd of women and nobody can see me! I tell you I mean to see Decision run from that box-seat! Hang Col. Hepburn! Take me across at once!"

Very soon Miss Maitland had her heart's desire, and found herself installed in the coveted seat of honor, where she was the cynosure of all admiring eyes. The officers of the —th Light Dragoons vied with each other in making themselves agreeable to the beautiful and well-dressed guest whom Mr. Danman had just introduced to them. They plied her with hot coffee and delicious cream cakes, and with curious seductive liqueurs calculated to warm the blood on a wintry afternoon; and they wrapped her feet in fur rugs and found cushions for her back, supplied her with the latest tips, and stood chattering round her on every available seat and stepping of wheel, whenever a man body could manage to cling, for she was the most beautiful woman who had ascended their coach during the day.

Lucile was very happy indeed. She liked flattery and she liked admiration—this was by far the nicest part of the day to her. All these men whose names she had hardly caught were really much more interesting to her than poor Laurie, of whom she had been getting rather tired. He was becoming very anxious about his race; and a little feeling of jealousy came over him too when he saw how completely she could overlook him amid this crowd of strangers. A ubiquitous and well-known personage who went by the name of "Squash" was singing what were called "side-splitting" comic songs beneath the coach. The listeners were all laughing heartily at his jokes—Lucille louder than any one. When the song was over, she looked round and could not see Laurie anywhere. He had slipped away quietly and gone back to the stand.

It was at that moment that her eyes suddenly met those of a handsome soldierly-looking man with a gray mustache who stood close below her. He raised his hat to her.

"How do you do, Miss Maitland? Do you remember me? My name is Hepburn. Sir Adrian Deverell introduced me to you two years ago. By-the-way, is Deverell down here to-day?"

Lucile colored vividly with vexation, and murmured a scarcely intelligible reply to the effect that Sir Adrian was in Scotland.

"In Scotland is he? Oh! I hope he is well! And how did you come here to-day? Are you staying in the neighborhood?"

Luckily at that moment the horses cantered past, and Lucille pretended not to hear the inconvenient question.

"Oh, which is Decision?" she cried to the young officer by her side on the box. "Please show him to me! Blue and white stripes and cap, isn't he? Oh, here he comes! How handsome he looks! Do you think he will really win?"

"A foregone conclusion, I should say, Miss Maitland," answered her neighbor, who was looking earnestly through his glasses at the beautiful dark chestnut horse as he sped by with long swinging strides. "They have been making a hot favorite of him. I hope you are fortunate enough to have backed him. The price is too long for me!"

Lucile replied modestly that she stood to win a couple of sovereigns. When she glanced down towards her left again, Colonel Hepburn, to her intense relief, had moved away.

There was a long pause after the horses had gone to the starting-point. One of them was refractory and refused to start. Every eye was strained to the far-away corner, now getting a little indistinct in the afternoon light, where the small knot of racers were clustered together behind the white flag of the starter. Murmurs arose on all sides—

"They are off! No, a false start—the flag hasn't fallen!" "Redcap turns round again!" "Now they are in line! No, that brute won't start!"

This sort of thing went on for some time; and even Lucille, gazing through her race-glasses as earnestly as the rest, began to feel her heart beat with the tension of suspense. At length a great shout arose, "They are off—they are off!" The bell rang, and a sudden hush fell upon the eager and expectant crowd.

Decision came on steadily and well, keeping a good third over his first three fences, and then clearing the water-jump so magnificently that he came up neck to neck with the second horse, who pecked slightly on landing beyond it. A long weedy-looking animal was now leading easily; his pace was splendid, but it was a question whether he would be able to keep it up twice round the course.

"Kingfisher!" shouted the crowd of roughs below the coach as the bay horse galloped past first.

At the cry Lucille turned nervously and anxiously to the man beside her; but he shook his head.

"Not a chance!" he muttered. "He won't stay the course; it lies between Topthorn and Decision."

And between Topthorn and Decision the race soon proved itself to be; for the bay could not keep it up for long, and at the very next hurdle he stumbled, lost ground, and came to the front no more. Topthorn was a magnificent galloper, but he blundered a little over his jumps; still, when the horses turned the corner again and were on a straight line for the winning-post, Topthorn was leading by one and Decision was a good half length behind him.

Lucile felt a little uncomfortable; for she knew that Laurie had backed his own horse for considerably more than he could afford to lose, and that he hoped to win something like four thousand pounds. The crowd was shouting. "Topthorn wins!" "Topthorn walks in!"

But the man beside Lucille again reassured her.

"The favorite will pull it off yet. Look how steadily he goes; he will gain ground at the water-jump. Topthorn looks distressed, but Decision is coming as straight as a dart for it."

And then at the water-jump a great shout arose; for Topthorn, who had begun to show signs of distress, did not rise sufficiently at the hurdles, and came floundering through the water and fell into the middle of the ditch; whilst Decision sailed over easily without an effort. Topthorn picked himself up again cleverly, and his jockey made a gallant fight for it at the last; but it was too late now to retrieve his position; and Decision won by a length and a half in glorious style, amidst the frantic yells of delight and the wild excitement of his numerous backers.

Lucille was so excited that she shouted with the rest; and Mr. Danman, who had a not unreasonable idea that she must be engaged to be married to Laurie, came running up, and, somewhat to her embarrassment, shook her hand by turn by congratulations. Just as he was doing so, Lucille received a shock as she caught once more the eyes of the kill-joy of her day's pleasure—Colonel Hepburn, who was standing below looking up curiously and, as she fancied, disapprovingly at her. He clambered up the side of the coach, and suddenly addressed her.

"I have to return to town, Miss Maitland. Can I be of any use in escorting you back?"

Somehow he had evidently learned that she had come down from London by train.

"Thank you; I must wait for—for my friends," she answered stammeringly. "I won't trouble you, thanks, Colonel Hepburn."

"Where are your friends, Miss Maitland?" he asked, as he looked round. "Can I find them for you? There is not much time to catch the train, and there is not another till twelve o'clock at night. You ought to be getting off."

"I am really much obliged for the trouble you seem to be taking about me," answered Lucille stiffly and coldly. "My friends are quite certain to take good care of me. Pray do not disturb yourself on my account."

Colonel Hepburn felt himself snubbed. He raised his hat politely and walked away quickly; but, after he was gone, it was a very long time before Laurie came to fetch her.

Everybody was hurrying away. Horses were being put to in the many vehicles around, and carriages were driving off rapidly; the ring was a desert and the grand stand completely empty. The horses of the coach were already being put into the traces; and Lucille began to feel very uncomfortable indeed in her post of honor. Already the Major of the regiment had politely asked her if he could be of any service to her in driving her to the station; and one youngster suggested laughingly, and not altogether respectfully, that she should come back to the barracks on the coach and dine at the mess.

Just as things were getting very awkward indeed, Laurie came hurrying across the course with a hundred excuses and apologies. He had had a great many things to see to, and had been receiving the congratulations of his friends upon his victory. He looked flushed and excited.

"We must look sharp," he cried—"we haven't a moment to lose! The fly is waiting close along!"

He hurried her down from the drag, cut short the adieux of the young gentlemen with whom she had been flirting, and they both ran as fast as they could to the vehicle which was waiting to take them to the station.

"Can you do it?" asked Laurie of the man, as they jumped in.

"I'll try, sir."

"A sovereign for you if you catch it!"

Urged on by this bribe, the man put his horse into a canter; but the animal was none of the best, and had been driven backwards and forwards to the station so often that day that he was pretty well used up already.

Lucile grew very pale.

"Laurie, is it true that if we miss this train there is not another till midnight?"

"I am afraid not."

"But what are we to do, then, if we miss this one?"

"Sit in the waiting room till midnight, I suppose."

"Great heavens, it will be the ruin of me!" she cried distractedly.

He turned round sternly upon her. There were anger and scorn in his eyes. Laurie had never looked at her like that before.

"I warned you not to come—it is your own fault! You insisted upon having your own way, and now you will have to abide by the consequences!"

At that moment they turned into the station yard; and, as they did so, they could just see through the darkness the lights of the carriages; while they heard the snort of the engine as the up-train steamed away Londonwards out of the station.

"Too late, sir! We have missed the train!" said the cabman.

(To be Continued.)

A Common Trouble.

He—This is a nice state of things, and we are only four months married. I'm almost crazy at seeing you gadding about with my old rival. You recollect what you promised at the altar!

She—Indeed I don't, dear. I was so nervous then that I don't remember the least thing.

Not a Requisite.

The only Son of the Millionaire—Oh, Mabel, do you love me?

Mabel—No.

The Son—Then you won't marry me!

Mabel—Of course I will!—*Life.*

Inconsistency.

He told him to spell hostility.

"H-o-r-s-e," commenced Pat.

"Not horse-tility," said the teacher, "but hos-tility."

"Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me, the other day, not to say 'hoss'? Be jabers! it's wan thing wid ye one day, and another the nixt!"

Why The Sun Lingers.

"Bedad," said the Irishman who, like the true representative of his race, had a dash of poetry in his composition, "Oi don't blame the sun for lingering affther the hot day is over as he does in summer time. Sure he wants to enjoy the cool of the evening."

It Looked Like It.

Some young men, bantering a fat man, said, "If all flesh is grass, you must be a load of hay."

"I suspect I am," replied he, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

Cheerful for Hubby.

Hubby (who had forgetfully left his purse on the piano last night)—Have you found anything this morning?

Angelina—Oh, yes, dear! Thanks! so thoughtful of you. I have ordered a new piano-stool, some lace curtains, and such a love of a bonnet!

The Courteous Dismissal.

11.30 p. m.

Miss Blamepup—I am told, Mr. Clagglesby-Henhurst, that very few Englishmen can say the word home without dropping the h.

Mr. Clagglesby-Henhurst—Aw, Miss Blamepup, I assuah you that only the cads evah miss the word. I can say it quite easily. Listen. I am going home now.

Miss Blamepup—Are you! Good-night! So sorry you are in such a hurry.

A Deep Joke.

"Chollie, old boy, I quotated a gweat deal of merriment at the pawty last night."

"Did you, ol' fel?"

"Yaas. I awsked the conundrum, 'Why is an inclined plane like a lazy young dog?'"

"Did they give it up?"

"Yes, and I told them, Chollie, that one was a slope up and the othah was a slow dog."

"Did they laugh?"

"Well, Chollie, I never heard such laughter in my life."

A Question of Remorse.

Mr. Boardem—I reck'n I wouldn't wear that red hat down through th' bull-field, Miss Cassaway.

Miss Cassaway—Will it frighten him?

Mr. Boardem—That depends on whether he's got any conscience or not arter you're picked up.

Not Prepared to Die.

Jack—What are you doing, Mabel?

Mabel—Making angel cake; don't you want some?

Jack—No, thanks; I don't want to be an angel.

She Couldn't See It.

Little Bess (after looking hard at Mr. Daisy, her big sister's beau)—You ain't black!

Mr. Daisy—No, I should hope not. What made you think I was?

Little Bess—Oh, nothin', 'cept papa said you was awful niggardly.

Nothing New.

New Summer Boarder—What is that balmy, spicy odor that wafts in at the casement? It seems exhilarating in its effects and sends new life spinning through my sluggish veins.

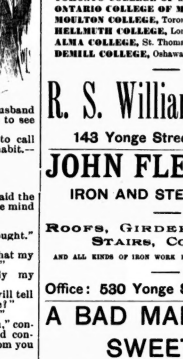
Farmer's wife—Dunno, 'n less it's them pesky hogs hez broke into the garden agin!

Not So Difficult.

"We realize some difficulty in finding appropriate names for our ships," said the haughty White Star captain; "they all have to end in 'ic,' you know."

"Wouldn't 'Seasic' be a suitable name for a ship?" suggested Colonel Mooney.

Force of Habit.



"John," said a lady to her very sick husband "the doctor is down stairs and wants to see you."

"Tell him I'm out and he'll have to call again," said John from sheer force of habit.—*Life.*

He Read the Editor's Mind.

"I like to come to business at once," said the editor's visitor; "I am De Smythe, the mind reader."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. And I can read your every thought."

"What am I thinking about now?"

"You are wondering in your mind what my business with you can be. Is it not so?"

"Wonderful! That was precisely my thought."

"And now you are thinking that I will tell you what I came for. Is this also true?"

"It is. How strange these things are."

"In some way it I can."

"Right again."

"Now," said De Smythe, "I am about to make a statement to you, following which I will put a question. The answer to this question I will immediately read in your mind. As you more than half suspect I am hard up—in fact, broke. I haven't had a square meal since I began reading minds. It is a noble, astounding profession, fit for the gods themselves, but it is not lucrative. I have heard you spoken of frequently as a big-hearted man. Will you lend me a dollar?"

For a moment he scanned the editor's countenance narrowly, and then left without a word.

He was right every time.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Imperturbable Spaniard.

The day after my arrival in Vitoria, I called at a shoemaker's to get a pair of shoes mended. There was nobody in the shop: the man was standing on the other side of the street calmly smoking a cigarette. A cloak, all in holes, was thrown over his shoulders, giving him the appearance of a beggar—a Spanish one, who wears his rags with conscious pride. With majestic step he strode across the road, and I told him my errand.

"Wait a moment," he said, and called his wife. "How much money is there in the till?" he inquired.

"Twelve pesetas," was the reply.

"Then I sha'n't work to-day," he said, turning to me.

"But twelve pesetas won't go a long way."

"Did ever any one see the morrow?"

With the words he turned on his heels and walked away.

A Lesson in the Gender.

Grave Pedant—What is a fort?

Infant Prodigy—A place where men are locked up.

G. P.—And what is a fortress?

I. P.—It's a place where women are locked up.

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Eczema

Is more commonly known as **Salt-Rheum.** It is caused by impure blood, is accompanied with intense itching and burning sensations, and, unless properly treated, is likely to inflict its victim for years. If you are suffering from Eczema, or any other eruptive disease, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has proved, in numberless instances, a complete cure for this disorder.

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I was, for years, troubled with Salt-Rheum, which, during the winter months, caused my hands to become very sore, crack open, and bleed. The use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

saparilla has entirely cured me of this troublesome humor.—Ellen Ashworth, Evanston, Wyoming Ter.

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Debility

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If any one suffering from General Debility, Want of Appetite, Depression of Spirits, and Lassitude will use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I am confident a cure will result therefrom. I have used it, and speak from experience.—F. O. Loring, Brockton, Mass.

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Out of Town.

WALKERTON.

On Tuesday, September 24, the bachelors of Walkerton, as a farewell to the summer's informal season, held a most enjoyable assembly. The flags of the country festooning the walls, did but aid the belles of the countryside in making the hall brilliant with tasteful coloring. Friends and visitors from afar seemingly enjoyed, with the jovial Walkerton folk, the pleasurable yet innocent excitement, until the night grew weary, of—the last hop. The music was furnished by the orchestra of the famed 32nd Batt. Band.

Below is a partial list of those who were present: Mrs. and Miss Stewart, the Misses Sanderson, Mrs. Doty and Miss Carey of Southampton; Miss and Mr. Aylwin, Miss Patterson and Miss Roy of Port Elgin; Miss Hugel of Port Hope; Miss Landerkin and Dr. Hay of Hanover; Mr. H. Aylwin of Toronto; the Misses Cooke, Bellamy and Adams, Messrs. Cooke Hammill and Mickle of Chesley; Mrs. and Miss Barrett, Dr. and Mrs. Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. D. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Klein, Dr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Lount, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Stovel, Mr. and Mrs Astley, Messrs. Dixon, Rettenzer and McClean, the Misses Brace, the Misses Sutton, the Misses McClean, the Misses Wilkes, Roether, Wilson, Anderson, Kerr, Wisser and Collins, Messrs. T. O Hagan, A. L. Shaw, Gray, T. Attwood, A. Collins, H. H. Sinclair, W. Shaw, J. Wisser, C. Lount, Holt, Kerr, Cobban, Dr. Freeman, F. a d G. Fraser, Reichenbach, Darling, Ferguson, Dalrymple, W. Collins and W. Stovel of Walkerton.

Last Friday evening a concert, under the direction of Mrs. Ashley and Miss Lizzie Hahn, was given in Telford's Hall, Hanover. The programme was an exceptionally good one and consisted of choruses, readings, vocal duets, quartettes and instrumental duets. Prof. Collett, a veteran violin *virtuoso*, who played for years in the Drury Lane Theater, London, England, accompanied by Mrs. Ashley on the piano, delighted the audience with the master touches of his instrument. Thos. O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., of Walkerton, contributed recitals which were warmly appreciated. The amateur talent of the town acquitted itself creditably in choruses, quartettes and duets. Dr. Landerkin, M.P., discharged the duties of the chair in a most felicitous manner.

The Academy of Music.

The new Academy of Music will be opened the first week in November and the Art Gallery about a week later. Manager Greene is at present in New York making final arrangements with the N. Y. Society for the Promotion of Art for the loan of a very valuable collection of over one hundred pictures by leading French and American artists. If this proposed arrangement is carried out the Art Gallery will be opened with the finest collection of modern paintings ever shown in Canada.

We desire to call attention to the advertisement of McKeown & Company in another column. This firm is offering the Atradome bankrupt stock of fine goods at prices which intending purchasers would do well to notice.

They Were the Pets.

A wit who was asked what he would rather be during the three stages of life, replied: "Till thirty a pretty woman; till fifty a successful general; the rest of my life a cardinal."

For Europe.

General Steamship Agent A. F. Webster, 58 Yonge street, booked the following Torontonians to sail for Europe this week: Mr. George Brown, Miss Edith Brown, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Muldrum, Mr. Thos. Jones, Mr. Falconer C. Curtis, Mr. E. Bradshaw, Mr. Chas. Laigh, Mr. E. Marks, the Misses and Arthur Meades, Mr. G. H. Willows, Mr. R. W. Noble, Mrs. F. W. Grant, Mr. U. J. McGill, Mr. D. P. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. A. Farmer, and Mr. S. Taylor.

Popular Concerts.

The management of the People's Popular Concert, which was a grand success last March, have decided to give a series of popular concerts this season of 1889-90, first one to be given on October 17. The Chautauqua Orchestra (with an addition of eight instruments, 20 in all) with Mr. Arthur Depew as conductor, has been engaged for the series, which will be monthly and at popular prices. Admission twenty-five cents, reserved seats fifty cents. M. Henri De Busse, solo violinist of Paris (France) will make his first appearance before a Toronto audience at their first concert.

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Thursday, Oct. 10—The Woman in Red
Friday, Oct. 11—Woman of the People
Saturday Matinee, Oct. 12—Meg Merrilies
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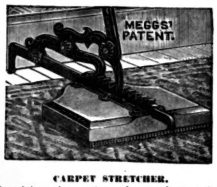

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MRS. MARIE HARRISON, St Catharines.....Soprano
MISS L. HOSKIN, 4th st Jarvis St. Baptist Church.....Soprano
MISS MARIE C. STRONG.....Mezzo Contralto
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MR. FRED WARRINGTON.....Baritone
MR. S. H. CLARK.....The Gifted Elocutionist
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THE CHAUTAUQUA ORCHESTRA.....20 Instruments
MR. ARTHUR DEPEW.....Conductor and Pianist

General Admission 25c Reserved Seats 50c.

Plan opens at Nordheimers Thursday, October 10, at 10 a.m.

MR. F. WARRINGTON, Musical Director. MR. J. M. DEPEW, Secretary-Treas.

Concert at 8 p.m. sharp

Academy of Music

ART GALLERY

The Art Gallery of the Academy of Music will be opened early in November with an exhibition of Foreign and Canadian Pictures. Nearly two hundred entries have already been received, including several from this year's Paris Salon. Works by members of the Royal Canadian Academy or Ontario Society, or by well-known artists will be accepted provided they have not already been exhibited in Toronto. All others subject to the approval of the Hanging Committee. All pictures admitted free. Prizes of gold and silver medals will be awarded. Forms of entry and further particulars on application to

PERCIVAL T. GREENE, Secretary,
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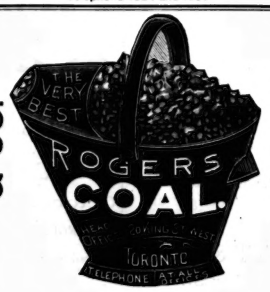

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Boys' Ready-Made Clothing

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Because he makes every garment himself, and shows the customer the material that it is made from. Pieces given with every suit. Nothing but the best of Tweeds, etc., are used for these garments, for we know that the Boys are hard on clothing. Neat fitting, well made and elegantly trimmed, and in all the latest styles.

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Births.

ARNOT—At Toronto, on September 30, Mrs. R. W. Arnot—a son.

SELBY—At Toronto, on September 24, Mrs. B. Logan Selby—a son.

DUNCAN—At Toronto, on September 25, Mrs. J. T. Duncan—a son.

BUTLER—At Stratford, on September 25, Mrs. H. T. Butler—a daughter.

ARMSTRONG—At Toronto, on September 29, Mrs. James Armstrong—a son.

DOHERTY—At Carluke, on September 28, Mrs. Albert E. Doherty—a son.

HARRIS—At Toronto, on September 19, Mrs. A. D. Harris—a son.

SANDERS—At Regina, on September 19, Mrs. G. E. Sanders—a daughter.

CAPREOL—At Ottawa, on September 29, Mrs. F. Chase Capreol—a son.

CAMPBELL—At Winnipeg, on September 29, Mrs. Fred C. Campbell—a son.

URE—At Toronto, on September 29, Mrs. Alexander Ure—a son.

BALMER—On September 28, Mrs. Geo. F. Balmer—a daughter.

DEANE—At Toronto, on September 27, Mrs. Robert W. Deane—a son.

Marriages.

ROBILLARD—PARKINSON—At 257 Palmerston avenue, Toronto, on September 25, by Rev. Coverdale Watson, assisted by Rev. H. Harper of Brampton, S. Robillard, B. S., M. D., of St. Paul, Minn., to Jessie Caroline, second daughter of Mr. John Parkinson of Lorgford, Ireland.

MELDRUM—GORMLEY—At the residence of the bride's father, 38 Isabella street, Toronto, on Wednesday, October 2, 1889, by Rev. Dr. McTavish, Garnett H. Meldrum, Canadian Bank of Commerce, to Margaret, daughter of James Gormley, Esq. No cards.

HAYES—BURNIE—At the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. S. R. Johnston of Parkdale, on October 2, by the Rev. Dr. Stone, Frank Hayes to Minnie, second daughter of the late Charles Burnie. All of Toronto.

SMITH—STEPHENSON—At Lindsay, September 30, W. F. Smith to Maggie Stephenson, both of Toronto.

CRAPPER—WARREN—At Toronto, on September 25, James T. Crapper of Toronto, to Annie E. Warren of Beaverton, Ont.

HARRIS—KORB—At San Francisco, California, on July 25, Albert H. Harris of Toronto, to Maggie E. Korb of San Francisco, Cal.

HALL—CAMPBELL—At L'Original, on September 25, William S. Hall to Florence Christina Campbell, both of L'Original, Ont.

CRAWFORD—CRAWFORD—At Toronto, on September 18, John Crawford to Lizzie Crawford, both of Toronto.

CURRY—TOWNS—At Toronto, on September 25, James Curry to Minnie Martha Towns, both of Toronto.

CONNELL—SQUAIR—At Toronto, on September 25, Peter Connell of Clark, Ont., to Elizabeth B. Squair.

ROSS—CLYNE—At Toronto, on September 26, David Ross to Hattie J. Clyne.

HAYNES—HAMPTON—At Buffalo, on September 25, Walter Goodman Haynes of Toronto, to Miss Clementina C. Hampton of Buffalo.

KENDELL—McLEOD—At Toronto, on September 11, James Sylvester Kendell to Rebecca Elizabeth (Bee) McLeod, both of Toronto.

WILLIAMS—BIRD—At Toronto, on September 25, J. Francis Williams, M. D., to Gertrude Annie Bird of Barrie.

WHITNEY—HEDLAY—At Geneva, Switzerland, on September 12, Augustus H. Whitney of Toronto, Canada, to Grace T. Hedley of Halifax, N. S.

IREDALE—RUPERT—On September 24, William Iredale to Matilda A. Rupert, both of Toronto.

DAVISON—ARNOLD—At Thornhill, on September 26, Robert C. Davison to Annie C. Arnold of Thornhill.

GOSNELL—WALKER—At Hamilton, on September 30, T. S. Gosnell of Winnipeg, to Maud Alexandrina Walker of Hamilton.

ROSWELL—MOORE—At Hamilton, on September 30, John W. Roswell of Toronto, to Alice Moore of Alliston.

Deaths.

BLACK—At Toronto, the infant son of J. Campbell Black.

CORNISH—At Toronto, on October 1, Theophilus W. Cornish, aged 55 years.

McCORMICK—At Toronto, on October 1, Frank McCormick, aged 22 years.

WHITE—At Weston, on September 29, Mrs. Jane Monger White, aged 79 years.

CLEARY—At Toronto, on October 1, Michael Cleary, aged 44 years.

BEATTY—At Toronto, on September 25, Andrew Beatty.

CHRISTIE—At Bedford, N. S., on September 23, Mrs. George Christie, aged 74 years.

FURLONG—At Toronto, on September 26, Albert Furlong.

BLACKSTOCK—At Thorold, on September 19, William Harvey Blackstock, aged 43 years.

BRYAN—At Toronto, on September 29, Mary A. Bryan, age 18 years.

CREALOCK—At Toronto, on September 25, Arthur Howard Crealock, aged 4 years.

ROBSON—At Waterdown, on September 30, Mrs. Jerusha Robson, aged 67 years.

AIRSTON—At Owen Sound, on September 25, William Glen Airston, aged 80 years.

HOWLAND—At Toronto, on September 26, Mrs. H. S. Howland, aged 58 years.

McCULLOCH—At Burlington, on September 25, Mrs. Peter McCulloch.

WILTSHIRE—At Aldeburgh, on September 14, Robert Wiltshire, aged 85 years.

EYRE—On September 21, Edna Albinson Eyre, aged 8 years.

HARDING—At Cooksville, on September 30, Francis Harding, aged 77 years.

JACKSON—At Toronto, on September 29, Francis Jackson, aged 85 years.

PEARS—At Toronto, on October 1, John Pears, aged six months.

A Misunderstanding.

Fond mother (to her son, from college on a vacation)—Charles, dear, how did you find your bed last night?

Charles (blushing furiously)—Phew! I thought you were asleep when I came home.—*New York Sun.*

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